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HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR



CHILDREN'S WORSHIP,

TOGETHER WITH

SELECTIONS FOR

Anniversary and Festive Occasions.

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

THE SABBATH-SCHOOLS

OF THE

GREEN HILL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

PHILADELPHIA:

1869.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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HYMNS AND SONGS.

1 FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 74.

WE have come rejoicing on this happy day,
In our Sunday-school we dearly love to stay,
And with voices blending in a sacred song,
We the Saviour's praise prolong.

CHORUS.

There we shall never grieve him more,
But with the angels on that shore,
Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain,
And ever with them praise his holy name.
We have come rejoicing, &c.

2 Thro' the year he's kept us, and his smiling face
Still is beaming on us in this happy place;
And the gracious Spirit from his holy throne,
Tells us of a better home.

Chorus. There we shall, &c.

3 Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in welcome; come, for here is room;
In these shining mansions I have still a place;
Children, hasten to my face."

Chorus. There we shall, &c.

- 4 And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
 Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove;
 Where the waving flowerets of immortal bloom
 Shed around their sweet perfume.

Chorus. There we shall, &c.

2 FROM THE S. S. CHANT AND TUNE BOOK.—PAGE 166.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his wondrous birth
 To Christ the Saviour given.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

CHORUS.

We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him blessed Jesus,
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus!
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord.

- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
 When Abram's son they sealed him,
 The name that still, by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Chorus. We love to sing, &c.

- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote his name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 Forever more must love him.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Chorus. We love to sing, &c.

- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Chorus. We love to sing, &c.

3 FROM THE S. S. CHANT AND TUNE BOOK.—PAGE 147.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
 Zion the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth,
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round!
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are
 crowned.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, &c.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
 Ye angels, the full hallelujahs be singing ;
 One chorus resound through the earth and the
 skies.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, &c.

4

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 96.

THE life-boat! the life-boat! how bravely she
rides

The darkened, and stormy, and treacherous
main!

The wild moaning tempest, the fierce rolling tide,
Unite their dark powers to o'erwhelm her in
vain.

The mariner sees her, and hope fills his breast;
The lamp from her bow gleams bright o'er the
sea,

It shines as a star on the billow's fierce breast,
And mounts o'er the waters so nobly and free.

- 2 The Bible! the Bible! o'er life's stormy wave,
Is the life-boat to rescue all tempest-tossed souls;
It ever is ready from danger to save;
'T is safe on the ocean, tho' fiercely it rolls.
The Bible! the Bible! it shines ever bright,
Like a heavenly star on the water's dark breast,
It sheds on man's pathway a glorious light,
And points out his course to the haven of rest.

5

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—PAGE 161.

SAVIOUR, listen to our prayer,
Poor and sinful though we are;
Guilt confessing,
Give thy blessing,
Grant us thy loving care.

CHORUS.

O God our Father, Christ our King,
Now to thee our hearts we bring;
Keep them ever,
Blessed Saviour,
Till in heaven thy love we sing.

2 Strength is thine ; we often stray
From thy pure and holy way ;
 Wilt thou guide us,
 Walk beside us,
Nearer every day ?
 Chorus. O God our Father, &c.

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore ;
 Freed from sinning,
 Heaven winning,
Praising evermore.
 Chorus. O God our Father, &c.

6

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—PAGE 12.

THE valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains,
 The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
 The flowers that deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of my God.
Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to the God above ;
Praises thro' the wide creation,
Sound aloud his greatness and his love.

2 And shall the voice of nature
 Thus glorify its King ;
And man, the noble creature,
 No grateful tribute bring ?
Shall mercy strew his pathway,
 And all his senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise ?
Praise him, ye that live forever ;
Praise him every heart and voice ;

Praise him, he's the glorious Giver ;
Praise him in your sorrows and your joy .

3 The word of life he gave us
 To guide us to the sky ;
 That he might justly save us,
 He sent his Son to die —
 To die in shame and anguish,
 To die a sacrifice ;
To save us from the death that never dies.
 Praise him, praise him for salvation ;
Praise him, praise him for his Son ;
 Praise him, every tribe and nation ;
Praise him for the battle he has won.

4 Then train your youthful voices
 To hymn his praise above ;
 For he who here rejoices
 In Jesus' dying love,
 Around his throne in glory
 Shall all his love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
 Praise him, praise th' eternal Father ;
Praise him, praise th' eternal Son ;
 Praise him, praise the Three together,
Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one.

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—PAGE 65.

ROUND the throne in glory
Happy children throng,
And redemption's story
 Wakes the harp and song.
On the verdant mountain,
 By the shining stream,
Or the living fountain,
 Jesus is their theme.

CHORUS.

Glory to the Lamb,
Praise him and adore ;
Glory to the Lamb
For evermore !

- 2 Robes of snowy whiteness,
Beautiful and rare ;
Crowns of radiant brightness,
Such those children wear.
Safe from death's bereavement,
Sorrow, and the grave,
Free from sin's enslavement,
Vict'ry's palm they wave.
Chorus. Glory to, &c.

- 3 Now the skilful fingers
Sweep the golden lyre ;
Not a harper lingers
In that ransomed choir ;
Voices sweetly blending
With the tuneful string,
To the throne ascending,
Praise the heavenly King.
Chorus. Glory to, &c.

- 4 Children now sojourning
In a world of sin,
From your follies turning,
Strive to enter in :
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine ;
And 'mid heaven's attractions
You shall sing and shine.
Chorus. Glory to, &c.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Children, come, extol his might,
Join with saints and angels bright;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All our wants he doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He of old our fathers blest,
Led them to the land of rest;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THERE is beauty all around
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side ;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky ;
O, there's one who smiles on high
When there's love at home.

4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home ;
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright —
Can dispel the gloom of night ;
Then there's love at home.

10

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 164.

HE is risen, he is not here ;
Seek him not among the dead.
He is living, do not fear,"
So the white-robed angel said.

He hath conquer'd ev'ry foe,
 He hath shown his power to save,
 When he took the sting from death,
 And the vict'ry from the grave.

CHORUS.

Then with one heart and voice
 Let all the earth rejoice;
 Let all the living join the strain,
 And angels shout it back again:
 The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen!
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

- 2 He is risen, he is not here;
 On the earth he walks no more;
 All his trials, all his toils,
 All his grief and shame are o'er;
 All his purpose is fulfilled,
 All his work on earth is done:
 He whom sinners put to death
 Sitteth on the great white throne.
Chorus. Then with one heart, &c.

- 3 He is risen, he is not here —
 Not indeed to mortal eyes;
 But we all who die with him,
 Shall again with him arise.
 'Tis in him alone we live;
 And because he lives again —
 Blessed promise, glorious hope! —
 We shall with him live and reign.
Chorus. Then with one heart, &c.

11

FROM HAPPY VOICES. — HYMN 173.

O'ER the flowing river,
 Little children stand,
 Free from sin for ever,
 Happy in that land.

Fairer than the summer flower
 Is every holy one,
 Singing, shining evermore,
 With glory but begun.

- 2 Once their eyes were streaming
 With the tears of woe;
 Now with rapture beaming,
 Not a tear they know:
 Crowns of glory now they wear,
 And ever as they rove,
 O'er the tuneful harps they bear
 Their skilful fingers move.
- 3 'Twas Immanuel sought them,
 Straying from the fold;
 With a price he bought them,
 Dearer far than gold;
 Not the treasures of the mine.
 Not bleating flocks he gave;
 Blood he shed — 't was blood divine,
 To sanctify and save.
- 4 Little saints in glory,
 Guilty though I be,
 I have learned the story,
 "Jesus died for me."
 Ransomed by his blood divine,
 My Saviour I will love;
 Bear his cross, then, rise and join
 Your shining band above.

OFt as I rove, in thoughtless mood,
 Along life's flowery, sunny road,
 Unconscious how the path may end,
 Unheeding where my footsteps tend,

- I hear a voice which seems to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away, Come away!
- 2 From day to day that voice I hear,
And oftenest when no friend is near—
When on some secret purpose bent,
Or on some pleasure too intent—
A still small voice, which seems to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away, Come away!
- 3 At times perchance too near I tread
Some cruel quicksand's treach'rous bed,
Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare,
Some spot where death is in the air;
Then comes that warning voice to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away!
- 4 Some foe with radiant beauty drapes
Temptation in a thousand shapes,
And many a glittering prize is given
To lure me far from home and heaven;
But never fails that voice to say,
With its gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away!
- 5 Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend,
Be with me always to life's end,

Till He who keeps my heav'nly crown
 Shall send his loving angel down,
 Upon my brow his hand to lay,
 And kindly bid me, Come away,
 Come away!
 And softly whisper, Come away,
 Come away!

13

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 243.

HAPPILY we have met around our King,
 Words of life to hear, his praise to sing.
 Friendly hands to grasp, while eye to eye
 Flashes out the spark of love and joy.
 Happy, happy moments, all too soon you're gone,
 And the time of parting comes swiftly flying on:

CHORUS.

Lift we then yet once again a happy song of praise,
 Once again a loving eye to our Redeemer raise,
 Beg of him upon each head his hand of love to lay,
 Giving each a word, a smile, a blessing on our way.
 So shall he guide us till partings are o'er,
 And welcome us all on eternity's shore,
 And welcome us all on eternity's shore.

2 Cheerily we have met as voyagers meet,
 Sailing on their way to friends and home;
 Or as at a fount of waters sweet,
 Travellers who o'er the desert roam:
 Hours of sweet refreshment, girding up the soul,
 Eagerly to hasten towards the heavenly goal:
Chorus. Lift we then, &c.

3 Joyfully we have met in Jesus' name,
 Hopefully we part beneath his care,
 Seeking how we may his love proclaim,
 Bringing all we can that love to share;

Brighter thus each day shall rise our pilgrim sun,
Larger still our numbers the joyful race to run:

Chorus. Lift we then, &c.

14

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 121.

NOTHING but leaves; the Spirit it grie
Over a wasted life,
O'er sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept:
Folly and shame and strife.
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves; no ripened sheaves
Garner'd of life's fair grain:
We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds;
Reaping, we find with pain
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves: and memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4 And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
Stand we before him sad and mute,
Waiting the word he breathes,
“Nothing but leaves!”

15

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 179.

THIS life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin,
And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win,
And Christ is the Captain of our little band;
Whatever opposes, for him we will stand.

CHORUS.

Then stand up for Jesus, whatever befall;
On Calvary's mountain he stood for us all.

Then stand up for Jesus,
Stand up for Jesus,
Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

2 To God for our armor we 'll fail not to go,
He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness
too;

The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,
And the good "shield of faith" from all harm
shall defend.

Chorus. Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

3 Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Though wily our foes, "we are strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying, our armor keeps
bright,

Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.

Chorus. Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

4 Though little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us to make us to fall,
We'll stand up for Jesus; and when life is o'er,
For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.

Chorus. Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

16

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 18.

SWEET is the song of heaven,
 The anthem of the sky;
 Good will to man be given,
 Glory to God on high.

CHORUS.

Sweet is the song of heaven,
 The anthem of the sky;
 Good will to man be given,
 Glory to God on high.

2 While ev'ry heart rejoices
 To sing of peace on earth,
 We'll tune our cheerful voices,
 To sing a Saviour's birth.
Chor. Sweet is the song, &c.

3 Publish the great salvation;
 Repeat the joyful strain
 Through every land and nation,
 O'er every hill and plain.
Chor. Sweet is the song, &c.

4 Let notes of joy and gladness
 The cheerful strain prolong,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled with the song.
Chor. Sweet is the song, &c.

17

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 104.

PLEASE to watch us, blessed Saviour,
 As we leave our Sabbath Home;
 Guide and keep us from all danger,
 Till again to thee we come.

CHORUS.

Tho' we very often wander
 In the path of vice and sin,
 Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us,
 Cleanse and make us pure within.

- 2 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
 Make us leave the ways of strife;
 Lead us in the path of duty,
 Lead us to the better life.

CHORUS.

Thus we'd served thee, blessed Saviour,
 Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
 And with each loved friend and teacher,
 All are gathered home to thee.

18

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 102.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
 Like a dream that dies away;
 Down the ocean gliding ever,
 Keep thy calm, unruffled way;
 To eternity's dark ocean,
 Burying all its treasures there.

- 2 Roses bloom, and then they wither;
 Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
 Shapes of light are wafted hither,
 Then like visions hurry by;
 Time is bearing us to heaven,
 Home of happiness and rest.

19

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 68.

WE are now in youth's bright morning,
 Cheerily we're passing on;
 Joys around us sweetly dawning
 Tell us joys may yet be won.

CHORUS.

We are young, and we are happy,
 We are happy, happy in our song ;
 We are young, and we are happy,
 Happy, happy in our song.

- 2 If the charms of earth are fleeting,
 And should quickly pass away,
 Still the Holy Spirit's greeting
 Shall not with those charms decay.
Chorus. We are young, &c.

- 3 Wisdom's cheering voice invites us
 To the feast of Jesus' love,
 And a foretaste here delight us,
 On our way to realms above.
Chorus. We are young, &c.

- 4 When we cross the shining portal,
 On the banks of yonder shore,
 And are clothed in robes immortal,
 We'll be happy evermore.
Chorus. We are young, &c.

20

YOUR MISSION.

IF you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet ;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay ;
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

2. If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain, steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by ;

You can chant, in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command ;
If you cannot toward the needy,
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot, in the harvest,
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Will the careless reapers leave ;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true ;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do ;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do ;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

21

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 42.

THE Sunday School, with joy so full,
 We love it more and more;
 Its precious hours refresh our pow'rs
 With strength unknown before.
 Here truths from purest fountains brought;
 Here Jesus' bright example taught;
 We're led to love, to look above,
 Where we so soon shall soar.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! let us sing,
 While heav'n and earth with glory ring;
 Hosanna, Hosanna,
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God!

- 2 Our Teachers true, we turn to you,
 As guides beloved and kind;
 In youth and age, on mem'ry's page,
 Our thanks shall stand enshrined.
 And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray,
 Where duties call, where passions play,
 Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
 Like guards around the mind.
Chorus. Glory! glory! &c.

- 3 Our Pastor kind, we're e'er inclined
 To hear your gladsome voice;
 And fondly cling to truths you bring,
 They make our hearts rejoice.
 And when these youthful days are past,
 To riper joys and scenes we'll haste,
 We'll gather where the good appear,
 And make their ways our choice.
Chorus. Glory! glory! &c.

22

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 37.

CHILDREN on life's battle-field,
 Be ye valiant, bold, and strong;
 In the strife with cheerful zeal
 Urge the Saviour's cause along.

CHORUS.

Onward, onward to glory!
 Yield not to the wily foe!
 Vict'ry and heav'n are before thee,
 Shout your triumph as you go.

2 Hark! the battle is begun!
 Rally, Christians, for your King;
 Forward, till the vict'ry's won,
 Till the shouts of triumph ring!
Chorus. Onward, &c.

3 Jesus calls us to the field!
 He will lead us evermore;
 'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
 Till the mighty conflict's o'er.
Chorus. Onward, &c.

4 Then in yonder world of light
 We will lay our armor down,
 And, 'mid throngs of angels bright,
 Each receive a starry crown.

23

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 124.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
 A land of rest, from sorrow free,—
 The home of the ransomed, bright, and fair,
 And beautiful angels, too, are there.

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land with me?
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Go to that beautiful land?

2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 The glory of God, the light of day,
 Hath driven the darkness far away.
Chorus. Will you go? &c.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree
Chorus. Will you go? &c.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light,
 And in one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
Chorus. Will you go? &c.

24

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 126.

HOSANNA, Hosanna, Hosanna to the Son of
 David!

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,
 Lord.

Hosanna in the highest, in the highest.
 Hosanna in the highest, in the highest.

And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the city
 was moved, saying, "Who is this?"
 And the multitude said, This is Jesus, This is Jesus,
 the prophet of Nazareth and Galilee.

25

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 102.

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Thro' heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing.

CHORUS.

And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?
And send the echo, *send the echo*, send the echo,
send the echo, send the echo, send the echo
back again?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

26

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 96.

WHEN the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us come without delay;
And unite with thousands singing,
In their Sunday-schools to-day.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail, this happy day,
Hail, hail, this happy day,
Hail this day, hail this day,
Hail this happy day.
Yes, hail this day.

- 2 These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer;
But these hours are short and fleeting:
Let us then be early there.

Chorus. Hail, hail, &c.

- 3 We shall keep our teachers waiting,
If we tarry by the way;
Or disturb the school reciting,
On this holy Sabbath day.

Chorus. Hail, hail, &c.

- 4 Here the blessed gospel shows us
All its precious stores of truth;
And the Holy Spirit woos us
From transgression in our youth.

Chorus. Hail, hail, &c.

- 5 When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us to the school repair,
That we may unite in singing,
And together kneel in prayer.

Chorus. Hail, hail, &c.

27

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 33.

IT is well! It is well! It is well!"
 God's ways are always right,
 And love is o'er them all,
 Tho' far above our sight.

2 "It is well!"
 Tho' deep and sore the smart;
 He wounds who knows to bind,
 And heal the broken heart.

3 "It is well!"
 Though sorrow clouds our way,
 'T will make the joy more dear,
 That ushers in the day!

4 "It is well!"
 The path that Jesus trod,
 Though rough and dark it be,
 Leads home to Heaven and God.

28

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 16.

IF I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world thro',
 I would fly on the wings of the morning light,
 And speak to the men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true, and tell them to be true.
 Be true, *be true*,
 And tell them to be true, *tell them to be true*.

2 I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea,
 Where a human heart might be;
 I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong,

And tell them to be good, and tell them to be good.

Be good, *be good*,
And tell them to be good, *tell them to be good*
Joyful sound, *joyful sound*.

3 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I would fly on the wings of the air,
The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
And whisper of sweet hope, and whisper of sweet hope.

Sweet hope, *sweet hope*,
And whisper of sweet hope, *whisper of sweet hope*.
God is love, *God is love*.

4 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (*Echo*, Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (*Echo*, God is love.)
And whisper, God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

29

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 22.

WE gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms
of Spring;

Our Maker! Redeemer! we gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the highest!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna to the Lord!

2 When, stooping to earth from the brightness of
heaven,

Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given;
Thou designedst to listen while children adored
With joyful hosannas the bless'd of the Lord.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.
Hallelujah, &c.

30

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 57.

MAN the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Hearts of love, your succor lend!
See, the shattered vessel staggers!
Quick! O quick! assistance lend!
Now the fragile boat is hanging
On the billow's feathery height,

C

Now 'midst fearful depths descending,
While we wither at the sight.

- 2 Courage ! courage ! she's in safety,
See again her buoyant form,
By his gracious hand uplifted,
Who controls the raging storm.
With her gracious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore ;
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing
Those they thought to see no more.
- 3 Christian, pause, and deeply ponder ;
Is there nothing you can do ?
The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
Have they not a voice for you ?
There's a storm, a fearful tempest —
Souls are sinking in despair ;
There's a shore of blessed refuge,
Try, O try to guide them there.
- 4 O, remember Him who saved you,
Whose right hand deliverance wrought,
Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
You to peace and safety brought ;
'Tis His voice who cheers you onward —
"He that winneth souls is wise ;"
Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat ;
Venture all to win the prize.

HOME, dear home, we never can forget ;
Friends, dear friends, we often there have
met ;
Press'd by care, or pierced by grief,
Home has afforded us a sweet relief.

CHORUS.

Tender memories round thee twine,
Like the ivy-green round the pine ;
Over land and sea we may roam,
Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.

- 2 Lured by gain, we seek a foreign shore,
Worn and weary heap the golden ore ;
Still our yearning hearts demand
Rest in the homestead in our native land.

Chorus. Tender memories, &c.

- 3 On the gilded page of earthly fame
Some may pant to register their name ;
Round our names no wreath may be,
But you may read them on the old home tree.

Chorus. Tender memories, &c.

- 4 Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl,
Mirth and music lure the careless soul ;
But with us at home you'll find
Home joys that never leave a sting behind.

Chorus. Tender memories, &c.

- 5 Firmly bound by silver chains of love,
Here are foretastes of the home above ;
Thou from whom all blessings come,
Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.

Chorus. Tender memories, &c.

32

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 5.

COME, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
If you'd reign in heaven above, you must
battle here.

Say not, say not, we are weak and few ;
Only battle for the right, God will strengthen you.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, singing as you go;
 March on, march on, do not fear the foe.

- 2 Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
 Youthful soldiers of the cross, to our ranks repair:
 List not, list not to the world and sin,
 Turn away from foes without and from foes within.
Chorus. March on, march on, &c.

- 3 Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
 Jesus bought you with his blood; how can you
 forbear?
 Sinful, dying, to your help he flew:
 Won't you love and live for him who has died for
 you?
Chorus. March on, march on, &c.

- 4 Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
 Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere:
 Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne,
 You shall strike a harp of gold and wear a golden
 crown.
Chorus. March on, march on, &c.

33

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 219.

THERE is a world of beauty,
 A land where all is bright,
 A land of holiness and love,
 And Jesus is the light;
 There is a fountain flowing
 Fast by the golden throne,
 And myriad angels singing
 Their praise to God alone.

CHORUS.

Up in that land of beauty,
 That land so bright and fair,
 May we all meet our Saviour,
 And in his glory share.

- 2 There sunshine ever lingers,
 And flowers the sweetest bloom,
 Its sons ne'er hear of sadness,
 Nor ever fear the tomb.
 That land it is so holy,
 That land it is so fair,
 And Christ hath said, the weary
 Shall find a haven there.
Chorus. Up in that land, &c.

- 3 And there are little children,
 Yes, some as small as I;
 O would I go to heaven,
 If I this day should die?
 I'd like to be an angel,
 And wear a robe so white,
 And dwell with Christ for ever
 In that blest land of light.
Chorus. Up in that land, &c.

34

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 220.

SHALL we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.
Chorus. Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
Chorus. Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river ;
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.
Chorus. Yes, we'll gather, &c.

35

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 104.

JERUSALEM, for ever bright,—
 Beautiful land of rest !
 No winter there, nor chill of night,—
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The dripping cloud is chased away,
 The sun breaks forth in endless day,—
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest !

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest !

2 Jerusalem, for ever free,—
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—
 Beautiful land of rest !

The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, &c.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear,—

Beautiful land of rest!

Thy pearly gates almost appear,—

Beautiful land of rest!

And when we tread thy lovely shore,

We'll sing the song we've sung before,—

Jerusalem, &c.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

36

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 20.

FAR out upon the prairie
How many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Or hear the Sabbath bell;
And when the holy morning
Wakes us to sing and pray,
They spend the precious moments
In idleness and play.

CHORUS.

Far out upon the prairie
How many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible,
Or hear the Sabbath bell.

2 For they have no kind pastor,
Whose loving words have told
Of Jesus, the good Shepherd,
And called them to his fold;

No Sabbath school inviting
 Its pleasant doors within;
 No teacher's voice entreating
 To leave the way of sin.

Chorus. Far out, &c.

3 I wish that I could tell them
 How Jesus came to die,
 When he for little children
 Left his bright throne on high;
 And all the sad, sad story
 Of sorrow which he bore,
 When for his crown of glory
 A crown of thorns he wore.

Chorus. Far out, &c.

4 And so each morn and evening,
 Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
 I'll ask the gracious Saviour
 To send his gospel there;
 That in the glorious city
 In which he dwells above,
 We all may sing together
 Of his redeeming love.

Chorus. Far out, &c.

COME where the wild flow'rs grow,
 By the gushing fountain;
 Come where the zephyrs blow
 Over plain and mountain;
 Come where the streamlets dance,
 Light as sportive childhood;
 Come where the sunbeams dance
 Thro' the shady wildwood.

2 Come where the violets blue
 Rich perfumes are breathing,
 Come where the sunny brow
 Roses red are wreathing :
 Sweet sing the feathered choir,
 Not a note of sadness
 Falls on the ravished ear ;
 All is glee and gladness.

3 Come when the placid wave
 Glows in sunset glory ;
 Come when the dewy eve
 Veils the mountain hoary ;
 Come when the rustic hearth
 Gathers youth and beauty ;
 Come, and with gentle mirth
 Sweeten toil and duty.

38

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 124.

OUR beautiful flag, O, now we see
 From every spot and blemish free,—
 The Flag of our Union, bright and fair,
 That waves in triumph everywhere.

CHORUS.

O, be true,—O, be true,
 True to our beautiful flag so free !

2 O, beautiful flag, so pure and bright,
 Thy radiant stars are life and light,
 The emblem of power, our guide alway
 Thy stars shall never fade away.

Chorus. O, be true, &c.

3 We see thy stripes and eagle bold,
 And love thee more as we behold ;

4 *

For ever wave on land and sea,
The Union Flag of the brave and free.

Chorus. O, be true, &c.

- 4 This beautiful flag we ever shall see
O'er every State unfurled and free ;
Beneath its folds shall discord cease,
And North and South rejoice in peace.

Chorus. O, be true, &c.

39

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 56.

CHIDE mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears ;
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow,
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow.

- 2 Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all !
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

- 3 Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.

We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

40

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 21.

PEACEFULLY lay her down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on her breast;
Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.
Peacefully sleep, peacefully sleep,
Sleep till that morning, peacefully sleep.

2 Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave, ye willow-boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
Over the holy, beautiful dead.
Peacefully sleep, &c.

3 Quietly sleep, beloved one,
Rest from thy toil — thy labor is done;
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bid thee from dust to glory arise!
Peacefully sleep, &c.

41

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 72.

COME, come, sing to the Saviour,
Love, love beams from his eye;
Haste, then, share in his favor,
Worship the Saviour on high.
Worship the Saviour,
Worship the Saviour,
Worship the Saviour on high.

- 2 Praise, praise yield him with gladness;
 Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
 Where, death, where is thy sadness?
 Jesus returns from the tomb.
 Jesus returns,
 Jesus returns from the tomb.
- 3 Rise, rise, free from thy mourning,
 Light, light spreads from the sky;
 See, see bright the day dawning,
 Jesus is risen on high.
 Jesus is risen,
 Jesus is risen on high.
- 4 Hail, hail, children adore him;
 Here, here anthems should ring;
 There, there, dwelling before him,
 Loudest hosannas we'll sing.
 Loudest hosannas,
 Loudest hosannas we'll sing.

42

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 114.

THERE'S a song the angels sing,
 And its notes with rapture ring,
 Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens
 above.
 Shepherds heard the distant strain,
 Watching on Judea's plain,
 "Glory be to God, Glory be to God,
 Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."

CHORUS.

Thro' the earth and thro' the sky,
 Let the anthem ever fly,
 "Glory be to God again,
 Peace on earth, good will to men."

2 'Tis a song for children too ;
 To the Saviour 't is their due ;
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again :
 Join with angels in their song,
 And the heavenly strain prolong,
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Chorus. Thro' the earth, &c.

3 Soon around that throne may we
 With those happy angels be,
 Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease :
 Mingling love with loftiest praise,
 Still the chorus there we'll raise,
 "Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
Chorus. Thro' the earth, &c.

43

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 80.

WE are coming, blessed Saviour,
 We hear thy gentle voice ;
 We would be thine for ever,
 And in thy love rejoice.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
 We are coming, blessed Saviour ;
 We are coming, we are coming,
 We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 To meet that happy band,
 And sing with them for ever,
 And in thy presence stand.
 We are coming, &c.
 To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 Our Father's house we see —

A glorious mansion ever
 For children young as we.
 We are coming, &c.,
 Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 That happy home is ours;
 If here we gain thy favor,
 We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
 We are coming, &c.,
 That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 To crown our Jesus King,
 And then with angels ever
 His praises we will sing.
 We are coming, &c.,
 To crown our Jesus King.

44

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 14.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains,
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, let us sing
 While heaven and earth with "Glory!" ring:
 Hosanna to the Lamb of God!

2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
 "Hosanna to the King of kings!"
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
 Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
 Chorus. · Glory, &c.

- 3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.
Chorus. Glory, &c.
- 4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear:
All praise on earth to him be given,
And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.
Chorus. Glory, &c.

45

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 22.

- WE are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he 'll come to bear us o'er.
- 2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted from the other shore.
We are waiting, &c.
- 3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
We are waiting, &c.
- 4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
We are waiting, &c.
- 5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
We are waiting, &c

46

8s & 7s.

WHO shall sing, if not the children,
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practise here,
 Why to them were voices given,
 Birdlike voices, sweet and clear?

- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
 O! 't is sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they can not sing too early!
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds do sing while day is breaking,—
 Tell me, then, why should not they?

47

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 72.

I WANT to join the ransom'd,
 And with the ransom'd stand;
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand.
 I want to join their chorus,
 My voice I want to raise,

And swell the song so joyous
To my Redeemer's praise.

2 Angels look on in wonder,
They cannot join the song,
But list in silent rapture,
While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory,
O, let me see thy face,
Like those who now before thee
Repeat thy wondrous grace.

3 They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

48

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 112.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,
Shield me from danger and save me from crime.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy.
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ, our
Lord. Amen.

2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call;
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;

Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might,
 In darkness and doubting thy love be our light.
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper
 burns,
 Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.
 Father, have mercy, &c.

3 Father, hear us when we pray,
 Look in mercy from above ;
 Turn not, Lord, thy face away,
 Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love.
 Turn not, Lord, thy face away,
 Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love.
 Father, hear us, Father, hear us,
 Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love.

4 In the name of Christ we come,
 Asking grace, and seeking peace ;
 Raise our hearts to heaven, our home,
 And from worldly cares release.
 Raise our hearts to heaven, our home,
 And from worldly cares release.
 Father, hear us, Father, hear us,
 Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love. Amen.

49

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 103.

LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me.
 Even me, Even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy fall on me.
 Even me, &c.

- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee :
Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,—
Even me, &c.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see :
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, &c.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me, &c.
- 6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing ;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me,—
Even me, &c.

50

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 89.

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine ;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine ;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine ;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine ;

Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night
 Jesus is mine ;
 Lost in this dawning light,
 Jesus is mine ;
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,—
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine ;
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine ;
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine.

51.

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 88.

O WE are volunteers in the army of the Lord,
 Forming into line at our Captain's word ;
 We are under marching orders to take the battle-
 field,
 And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe
 shall yield.

CHORUS.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord ;
 Jesus is our Captain, we rally at his word ;
 Sharp will be the conflict with the pow'rs of sin,
 But with such a Leader we are sure to win.

- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
 Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love ;
 We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors
 vain,
 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to
 gain.

Chorus. Come and join, &c.

- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry
 side,—
 Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride ;
 They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to
 attack ;
 We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd
 drive them back.

Chorus. Come and join, &c.

- 4 O glorious is the struggle in which we draw the
 sword,
 Glorious in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord ;
 It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from
 shore to shore,
 And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

Chorus. Come and join, &c.

52

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 6.

STRAINS of music often greet me
 As I join the busy throng,
 But there's nothing half so pleasant
 As the holy Sabbath song.

CHORUS.

No fear of ill,
 No fear of wrong,
 While I can sing my Sabbath song ;
 My Sabbath song,

My Sabbath song ;
I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind ;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
Chorus. No fear of ill, &c.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King ;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
Chorus. No fear of ill, &c.

4 While I live, O may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song ;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
Chorus. No fear of ill, &c.

IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do :
I would seek white lilies,
Roaming woodlands thro'.
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

2 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go :
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe

Till sad hearts look'd upward,
 I would shine and shine!
 Then they'd think of heaven,
 Their sweet home and mine,
 Then they'd think of heaven,
 Their sweet home and mine.

- 3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
 Child, whose life is glad
 With an inner radiance
 Sunshine never had?
 O, as God hath blessed thee,
 Scatter rays divine!
 For there is no sunbeam
 But must die or shine,
 For there is no sunbeam
 But must die or shine.

54

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 54.

LIST the Sabbath bells, so merrily ringing,
 A thousand happy voices sweet are singing;
 A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,
 To usher in this Sabbath morn.

CHORUS.

Bear the sacred sounds, ye breezes, bear them,
 Bear the sacred sounds to every shore.
 Learn redemption's song, ye nations, learn it,
 And sing that song for evermore.

- 2 Hear the grateful song of brooklet and river,
 And hear the little birds their praise deliver,
 A thousand hymns of praise to God the giver,
 'Tis music meet for Sabbath day.
Chorus. Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

- 3 Hasten forth to join this glorious chorus,
 For see the azure sky is bending o'er us,
 And happiness divine is just before us,
 If we improve the Sabbath day!
Chorus. Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

- 4 List the Sabbath bells so merrily ringing,
 A thousand happy children now are singing;
 A thousand holy thoughts are upward springing,
 To usher in the Sabbath day.
Chorus. Bear the sacred sounds, &c.

55

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 4.

WHAT beauties adorn the bright Sabbath morn,
 The best day of all the week,
 And how gladly we start with a light happy
 heart,
 As the house of the Lord we seek.
 Humbly let us enter in,
 Praying to be free from sin,
 Pure without, and pure within,
 On this Sabbath day.

CHORUS.

Let us keep, well keep this blessed Sabbath day,
 This holy Sabbath day,
 This holy Sabbath day;
 Let us keep, well keep this holy Sabbath day,
 'Tis the best day of all the week.

- 2 Be it ever our care in that place of prayer,
 Our spirits above to raise:
 Let us try to drive out each vain worldly thought
 From God's holy courts of praise;
 Let no folly there intrude,
 Naught to mar our tranquil mood,

Naught but what is true and good,
On this Sabbath day.

Chorus. Let us keep, &c.

3 And our joy is full when the dear Sabbath school
Throws open its friendly door;
For we're sure there to find our teachers so kind,
With riches of sacred lore.

As our voices all we raise
In sweet songs of love and praise,
May we tread in wisdom's ways,
On this Sabbath day.

Chorus. Let us keep, &c.

4 And when we go back to our week-day track,
Our lessons, and work, and play,
Let us hold ever dear the counsels we hear
On the holy Sabbath day;

And remember that God's eye
Ever watches from on high,
And each day he is as nigh,
As the Sabbath day.

Chorus. Let us keep, &c.

56

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 20.

TRAVELLER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?—
Naught to me the wind's rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

CHORUS.

And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms,
And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To the land that has no storms.

2 Traveller, art thou here a stranger,
 Not to fear the tempest's power?—
 I have not a thought of danger,
 Tho' the sky more darkly lower.
Chorus. And I'm going, &c.

3 Traveller, now a moment linger,
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.—
 No! I see a beckoning finger,
 Guiding to a far off shore.
Chorus. And I'm going, &c.

4 Traveller, yonder narrow portal
 Opens to receive thy form.—
 Yes! but I shall be immortal
 In that Land without a storm.
Chorus. And I'm going, &c.

57

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 26.

HUSH'D be my murmurings, let cares depart,
 Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart;
 He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain,
 He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

CHORUS.

Gentle angels near me glide,
 Hopes of glory round me 'bide,
 And there lingers by my side
 A Saviour, a Saviour,
 A Saviour ever near;
 A Saviour, a Saviour,
 A Saviour ever near.

2 Why should I languish—why should I fear?
 In sorrow and anguish He's ever near;

Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, He'll near me remain.

Chorus. Gentle angels, &c.

- 3 Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven He'll meet me again;
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my
pain.

Chorus. Gentle angels, &c.

58

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR.—PAGE 32.

LET to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future alone
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come ever too soon!
If to hope over-much be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

CHORUS.

To-morrow, to-morrow,
Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
To-morrow, to-morrow,
Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow.

- 2 Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee;
Permit not suspicion and care
With invincible bonds to enshrine thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterred;
But think how hearts have been saddened
By fear of what never occurred.

Chorus. To-morrow, to-morrow, &c.

- 3 Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow ;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear ;
Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred :
We have shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.

Chorus. To-morrow, to-morrow, &c.

59

FROM THE GOLDEN CENSOR — PAGE 34.

JESUS is our dearest friend,
So tender, tried, and true ;
His warm love will never end,
That love is always new.

CHORUS.

Then hail, all hail to Jesus' name !
To save our souls from death he came ;
And he forever is the same ;
O praise him, praise him for evermore.

- 2 Jesus is our faithful guide,
We'll never go astray,
While we linger near his side,
And he directs our way.

Chorus. Then hail, &c.

- 3 Jesus is our only guard ;
And still his mighty arm,
Tho' the way be rough and hard,
Will keep us safe from harm.

Chorus. Then hail, &c.

- 4 Jesus is our all in all,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,

On his name we'll humbly call,
 And still his praises sing.
Chorus. Then hail, &c.

60

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 124.

LAND of our Fathers! wheresoe'er we roam,
 Land of our birth! to us thou still art home;
 Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend;
 Down to posterity their influence descend.

CHORUS.

All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land.

- 2 Tho' other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
 Land of our birth! we ever love thee still.
 God shield our happy home from each hostile
 band,
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.
Chorus. All then inviting, &c.

61

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 233.

AWAY to the woods, away,
 All nature is smiling,
 Our young hearts beguiling,
 O we will be happy to-day.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away, away,
 Away to the woods, away;
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to the woods, away.

2 Our flag to the breezes fling,
 And as it waves o'er us,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 Till woodland and valley shall ring.
Chorus. Away, away, away, &c.

3 O this is our festal day,
 Sweet flowerets are springing,
 Sweet songsters are singing,
 And we will be happy and gay.
Chorus. Away, away, away, &c.

4 As free as the air are we;
 Then rally, then rally,
 From hill-top and valley,
 And join in our innocent glee.
Chorus. Away, away, away, &c.

5 We all of us love the school,
 And 'tis in well-doing
 We're pleasure pursuing,
 For truth is our guide and our rule.
Chorus. Away, away away, &c.

6 Success to the school we love,
 It sweetens employment
 With harmless enjoyment,
 And trains for the kingdom above.
Chorus. Away, away, away, &c.

62 FROM THE SABBATH SCHOOL BELL.—PAGE 5.

LET us be joyful and smiling as May,
 On this our festal day.
 Come, let us sing praise to our King;
 Lift the heart, lift the voice,
 In holy songs rejoice.

CHORUS.

Let us be happy, and let us be gay,
On this our holiday.

- 2 Let us be thankful while we are gay,
On this our holiday;
Let us be peaceful and gentle as May,
On this our festal day.
In thanks and praise our voices raise,
Lift the heart, join the song,
Our grateful notes prolong.
Chorus. Let us be happy, &c.

- 3 Let us be humble while we are gay,
On this our holiday;
Let us be lowly, though cheerful as May,
On this our festal day.
Jesus was meek, Him we will seek,
With the heart, with the voice,
Our early, heartfelt choice.
Chorus. Let us be happy, &c.

- 4 Let us be holy, though we are gay,
On this our holiday;
Let us be prayerful and lovely as May,
On this our festal day.
God reigns above, his throne is love.
Bow the heart, bend the knee
Before his majesty.
Chorus. Let us be happy, &c.

- 5 While we are happy, and while we are gay,
On this our holiday;
Let us remember, while yet we may,
The solemn judgment-day.
O let us strive, while yet we live,
With the heart, with the voice,
To make a heavenly choice.
Then we'll be happy, where joys ne'er decay,
Through an eternal day.

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 96.

CAROL, but with gladness,
 Not in songs of earth :
 On the Saviour's birthday
 Hallowed be our mirth ;
 While a thousand blessings
 Fill our hearts with glee,
 Christmas day we'll keep,
 The Feast of Charity.

CHORUS.

Carol, Christians, carol,
 Carol joyfully,
 Carol the good tidings,
 Carol merrily ;
 And pray a gladsome Christmas
 For all good Christian men ;
 Carol, Christians, carol,
 Christmas day again.
 Carol, &c.

2 At the merry table
 Think of those who've none,
 The orphan and the widow,
 Hungry and alone.
 Bountiful your offerings
 To the altar bring,
 Let the poor and needy
 Christmas carols sing.
 Carol, &c.

3 Listening angel music,
 Discord, sure, must cease ;
 Who dare hate his brother
 On this day of peace ?

While the heavens are telling
 To mankind good will,
 Only love and kindness
 Every bosom fill.
 Carol, &c.

4 Let our hearts, responding
 To the seraph band,
 Wish this morning's sunshine
 Bright in every land.
 Word, and deed, and prayer
 Speed the grateful sound,
 Telling Merry Christmas!
 All the world around.
 Carol, &c.

64

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 57.

O I'M a happy bluebird, sober, as you see;
 For pure cold water 's the drink for me:—
 I take a drop here, and another drop there,
 And make the woods ring with my temperance air

CHORUS.

O don't defy it,
 Better, better try it,
 Water, pure water from the spring below
 Better, better try it,
 Better, better try it,
 Try it, sir? try it, sir? do.

2 There is little Bobby-Linkum sitting on a tree,
 He's singing a temperance song as you see,
 'T is "Bobolink, take a drink, take a drink to-day,
 And Mister Bobolink, not a cent to pay!"
Chorus. O don't defy it, better try it, &c.

- 3 As down among the lilies every day I go,
To take my bath in the lake below,
If I chance to meet a drunkard all so pale and thin,
I say, "sir, how d'ye do?" and, "sir, pray walk in!"
Chorus. O don't defy it, better try it, &c.
- 4 Come, rise up with the songsters early in the morn,
See the thirsty grass and the waving corn —
How their emerald faces brighten in the dazzling
sun
While catching the dew-drops one by one.
Chorus. O don't defy it, better try it, &c.
- 5 All up above the mountains, all below the sea,
Will with my temperance song agree —
That for man in his toil, or the bird upon her nest,
Cold water, cold water, the purest and best.
Chorus. O don't defy it, better try it, &c

65

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 60

THERE'S a beautiful land where sweet flowers
ever bloom,
A land all filled with odors of richest perfume.
When life's journey is ended, all good children
there will stand
With the white-robed saints in glory in that beautiful land.

CHORUS.

Then come, pretty angels, on love's pinions come,
With music, sweet music to welcome us home;
With your bright crowns of glory, and your golden
harps in hand,
O welcome the children to this beautiful land.

- 2 In the Beautiful Land, little children ne'er grow
old ;
On every little forehead is placed a crown of gold,
A harp tuned by an angel, in every little hand ;
And they sing God's praise forever, in the Beautiful Land.

Chorus. Then come, pretty angels, &c.

- 3 In the Beautiful Land, our dear Saviour we shall
see,
We shall hear his words of welcome, — " Little
children, come to me ;"
Then around His throne in glory, with our crowns
and harps, we'll stand,
And we'll praise the Lamb forever in that Beautiful Land.

Chorus. Then come, pretty angels, &c.

- 4 But the Beautiful Land is not for little ones alone,
There is room enough for every one around the
Father's throne :
Then join us, friends and parents, take the children
by the hand,
And we'll journey on together, to the Beautiful Land.

Chorus. Then come, pretty angels, &c.

66

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—HYMN 110.

THE sea is wildly tossing,
And often clothed with gloom,
On which we're swiftly crossing
To our eternal home.

CHORUS.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Gracious Saviour, pilot me ;

Over the sea, over the sea,
 Spirit kind, my guardian be;
 Over the sea, wherever I roam,
 Father above, O bring me home
 Under the bright celestial dome

- 2 We've many a foe to conquer,
 And many a storm to face,
 Ere we in heav'n may anchor,
 And sing redeeming grace.
Chorus. Over the sea, &c.

- 3 Though nature in commotion
 Defy our power and skill,
 Our Jesus rules the ocean,
 And bids the winds be still.
Chorus. Over the sea, &c.

- 4 Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
 And make God's word your chart;
 Do every duty nobly,
 With joyful, trustful heart.
Chorus. Over the sea, &c.

- 5 We'll float the gospel banner,
 And guard it with our life,
 And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
 Victorious in the strife.
Chorus. Over the sea, &c.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
 We'll be gathered home;
 Nor death, nor sighing, visit there;
 We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
 We'll be gathered home;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine;
 We'll be gathered home.
Chorus. We'll wait, &c.

- 3 My Father's house is built on high;
 We'll be gathered home;
 Above the arched and starry sky;
 We'll be gathered home.
Chorus. We'll wait, &c.

68

FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.—PAGE 90.

I AM bound for the land of the living,
 O hinder me not on my way;
 The flowers that bloom in my pathway
 Breathe odors that waft me right on;
 The sunlight is bright'ning before me
 That heralds eternity's day.
 They lure me no longer to tarry,
 But welcome earth's time to be gone.

CHORUS.

There's a happy home beyond this world of care;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there;
 A home above, where all is love,
 And the good shall all meet there.
 Shall all meet there, shall all meet there.

- 2 I am weaned from this land of the dying;
 Decay is enstamped everywhere;
 The joy-rays of life are remembered
 Like sleep-thoughts that float thro' the brain,
 Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting —
 My soul has grown weak with its care.
 The flesh and the spirit are weaving,
 Each striving the mastery to gain.
Chorus. There's a happy home, &c.

- 3 I am waiting the summons that bids me
 No longer a pilgrim to roam,
 But, leaving the past in this death-land,
 Make the land of the living my home.
 The messenger-angel stands waiting,
 The signal to whisper to me,
 That the place is prepared for my dwelling,
 And the Master is calling for me.
Chorus. There's a happy home, &c.

- 4 The land of the living is yonder;
 There life to its fulness has grown;
 There sin, and temptation, and sorrow,
 And sickness, and death are unknown.
 There the songs of redemption are chanted
 By a holy, harmonious band;
 O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
 And fly to my home in that land?
Chorus. There's a happy home, &c.

NOW be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout Hosanna
 Reëchoed thro' the world:

Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings!
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor
 Each ransomed captive sings:
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

70

FROM THE GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 108.

I REMEMBER a voice which once guided my
 way,
 When toss'd on the sea, shrouded by fog I lay;
 'T was the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore,
 It sounded like music o'er the dark billows' roar,
 It sounded like music o'er the dark billows' roar.

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
 Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee.

2 I remember that voice as it led our lone way,
 'Midst rocks and thro' breakers, and high dashing
 spray:
 How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
 As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows' roar:

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
 Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

- 3 I remember my joy when I held to my breast
The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest ;
For the tones of my child whispered soft on my ear ;
I called you father dear, and I knew you would
hear.

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

- 4 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my
way,
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay ;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
I'm calling you, father, oh ! can you not hear ?

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me,
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee !

- 5 I remember that voice in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power ;
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled waves,
And sounds from loved lips now lying silent in
the graves.

CHORUS.

Come this way, father dear, steer straight for me !
Here, safely in heaven I am waiting for thee.

71

FROM TEMPERANCE CHIMES.—PAGE 73.

A WAKE! awake and join our ranks,
 With courage bold and brave;
 Defenders of the Saviour's cause,
 Now let our standard wave.
 The mountain stream, the sparkling rill,
 Will arm with zeal and vigor still,
 Our noble Christian band.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, rejoice we soon shall see
 Our people from temptation free,
 Rejoice we shall be free.

- 2 Be firm and strong to meet the foe,
 And face him on the field,
 We'll fight as once our fathers fought,
 With right, our sword and shield.
 Then let us keep our armor bright,
 And speed like heroes to the fight,
 United heart and hand.

Chorus. Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

- 3 Tho' rallied forces oft may come
 Our army to assail,
 We'll beat them back and shout aloud
 There's no such word as fail.
 Then let us never be dismayed;
 For God our glorious cause will aid,
 United let us stand.

Chorus. Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

- 4 A star is rising o'er the hills,
 Its dawning light we see,
 And soon our native clime shall hail,
 The Christian's jubilee.
 O happy thought, we soon shall hear,
 The song of victory sweet and clear,
 Ring proudly o'er our land.

Chorus. Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

72

FROM HAPPY VOICES.—PAGE 67.

ONCE was heard the song of children
 By the Saviour when on earth,
 Joyful in the sacred temple
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
 And hosannas,
 Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strown around him,
 Garments spread beneath his feet,
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him
 In fair Salem's crowded street,
 While hosannas,
 From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
 Glorified and throned on high !
 Mortal lays from man or infant
 Vain to tell thy praise may try ;
 But hosannas,
 Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
 We this day thy glory sing ;
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
 We would loftier tribute bring ;
 Glad hosannas,
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

73

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 156.

SONGS of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
 Thus breath'd by the East, on the hearts of the
 West ;
 How your music sweeps o'er us like perfume from
 flowers,
 He, wet with his blood in Gethsemane's bowers.

CHORUS.

O songs of the beautiful,
 Songs of the beautiful,
 Songs of the beautiful,
 Songs of the blest.

O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
 By the earth-pilgrim sung as he longs for his rest;
 How ye tell that all sorrows, all troubles shall
 cease,
 On the shore where the Lamb to his loved ones
 gives peace.

Chorus. O songs &c.

- 3 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
 Breathing hope to the spirit, and balm to the blest;
 Still around us your Paradise-music shall roll,
 Still whisper of Christ to each sin laden soul!

Chorus. O songs &c.

- 4 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
 We are but earth-pilgrims here, longing for rest;
 Dear fathers, dear mothers, all households that long
 For the smile of the Lord, and the glorified song!

Chorus. O songs &c.

- 5 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
 Thus breath'd by the East, on the hearts of the
 West;

In your sweet music swelling from Calvary's sod,
 We have mercy and Paradise promised by God!

Chorus. O songs &c.

74

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 28.

WE are watching, we are waiting,
 For the bright prophetic day;
 When the shadows, weary shadows,
 From the world shall roll away.

CHORUS.

We are waiting for the morning,
 When the beauteous day is dawning,
 We are waiting for the morning,
 For the golden spires of day.
 Lo! He comes! see the King draw near;
 Zion, shout, the Lord is here.

- 2 We are watching, we are waiting,
 For the star that brings the day:
 When the night of sin shall vanish,
 And the shadows melt away.

Chorus. We are waiting &c.

- 3 We are watching, we are waiting,
 For the beauteous King of day;
 For the Chiefest of ten thousand,
 For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

Chorus. We are waiting &c.

- 4 We are watching, we are waiting,
 For the bright prophetic day;
 When the shadows, weary shadows,
 From the world shall roll away.

Chorus. We are waiting &c.

OF thy love some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go;
 Bless the word which has been spoken,
 And thy saving grace bestow.

- 2 Give us hearts resolved, believing;
 Plant in us thy holy fear;
 That, with joy thy word receiving,
 We may do as well as hear.

76

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 104.

CHORUS.

WE praise thee, we bless thee! Thou, who only art
divine;
No name is worthy such homage as thine;
Our hearts adoration for ever we will gladly bring
To thee our Redeemer, Creator, and King.

- 1 To meet the glad echoes our voices we raise,
And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;
We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art
divine,
For no name is worthy such homage as thine.
With angels in glory,
We herald the story,
Glad tidings of joy and peace thro' our Saviour and
King.

Chorus. We praise thee, &c.

- 2 For mercies unnumber'd, for tenderest care,
For blessings thy children so bounteously share;
We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art
divine,
For no name is worthy such homage as thine.
Now joyfully blending,
With rapture ascending,
Our tribute of praise to thee, blessed Saviour and
King.

Chorus. We praise thee, &c.

- 3 For all the sweet promises faithfully given,
For all the bright hopes that look forward to heaven;
We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art
divine,
For no name is worthy such homage as thine.

Our hearts warmly glowing,
 With melody flowing,
 All glory and praise to thee, blessed Saviour and
 King.

Chorus. We praise thee, &c.

4 Our voices in chorus exultingly rise,
 'To join with the angels whose songs fill the skies ;
 We praise thee, we bless thee ! Thou, who only art
 divine,
 For no name is worthy such homage as thine.

Ye angels in glory,
 Still herald the story,
 Sing praises for evermore to our Saviour and King.

Chorus. We praise the, &c.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

77

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour—King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound
 Which kings and prophets waited for
 And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long.
 But died without the sight.

- 5 The watchman join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bear his arm,
Through all the earth abroad,
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

78

- JERUSALEM, the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh ? I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyred throng :
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 3 And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight ;
For ever, and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow !
Oh, state that fear'st no strife !
Oh, royal land of flowers !
Oh, realm and home of life !

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country !
 The home of God's elect !
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest :
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit ever blest.

79

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 125.

OH may we Thankful be,
 For the wondrous favor,
 Of Thy word, Blessed Lord,
 Maker, King and Saviour.

80

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 9.

BEAUTIFUL mansions, home of the blest,
 Land where the faithful, ever shall rest ;
 There is my treasure, there shall I be,
 Lord I am weary, Lead me to thee.

CHORUS.

Saviour be near me,
 Thy gentle voice can cheer me,
 O Jesus my Saviour,
 Lead me to thee.

2 Here in a desert cheerless I roam,
 Laden with sorrow ; far from my home ;
 Clouds on my pathway darkly I see,
 Lord I am weary, lead me to thee.
Chorus. Saviour be near me, &c.

- 3 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here,
Why should I doubt thee, what do I fear;
Light in the distance, breaking I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee:

Chorus. Saviour be near me, &c.

- 4 Jesus I love thee, dwell in my heart,
Never, O never, from me depart;
Hope like a rainbow, shining I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

Chorus. Saviour be near me, &c.

81

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 20.

NOW to the Lord on high,
Ye saints your voices raise;
Let little children throng His courts,
And sing the Saviour's praise.

- 2 Here on this holy day
Ye multitudes repair,
And pour your swelling souls in song,
Or lift the humble prayer.

- 3 Rejoicing, or in grief,
Come sit and hear His Word;
And thro' your smiles, or thro' your tears,
Look up and see your Lord.

- 4 His ear is quick to hear,
His hand is open wide;
Each trusting soul shall surely find,
His every want supplied.

82

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 6.

HAPPY hearts children bring,
 Now to God the offering;
 Sing His praise, learn His ways
 On this best, this best of days.
 God is love, then let us sing
 Praises to our Saviour King.

- 2 Thankful hearts children bring,
 As a tribute to their King;
 God is near, Father hear,
 And accept our humble prayer.
 God is love, and children raise,
 Thankful hearts in songs of praise.
- 3 Loving hearts children bring,
 Angels bear the offering,
 To the Lamb blessed name
 Angels catch the joyful strain.
 God is love, and angels join
 Our glad chorus round the throne.

83

FROM SILVER SPRAY.—PAGE 131.

ONE by one we cross the river,
 One by one we're ferried o'er;
 One by one the crowns are given,
 On the bright and distant shore.
 Youth and childhood oft are passing,
 O'er the dark and rolling tide,
 And the white-rob'd angel-boatman
 Is the dying Christian's guide,
 And the white-rob'd angel-boatman
 Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

- 2 One by one we come to Jesus,
 As we heed his gentle voice;
 One by one His vineyard enter,
 There to labor and rejoice.

One by one sweet flow'rs we gather,
 In the glorious work of love.—
 Garlands for the angel-boatman,
 To convey to realms above.
 And the white-robed angel-boatman
 Bears them to the realms of love.

- 3 One by one the heavy laden,
 Sink beneath the noontide sun ;
 And the aged pilgrim welcomes
 Evening shadows as they come.
 One by one with sins forgiven,
 May we stand upon the shore,
 Waiting till the angel-boatman
 Takes the helm and guides us o'er,
 And the white-rob'd angel-boatman
 Lands us on the shining shore.

84

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 71.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;
 Oh, serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.
 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and Ruler o'er all,
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own,
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

- 2 Oh ! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

85

FROM SONGS OF PRAISE.—PAGE 7.

JESUS, we thy Lambs would be,
 Humbly we would follow Thee,
 Waiting for the joyful day,
 When all care will pass away,
 When the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home.

2 Now the field with grain is white,
 Now the day is dawning bright,—
 Brighter far the sky will be,
 When our Master we shall see,
 When the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home.

3 May we wait, and watch, and pray,
 For the coming of that day,
 When the wheat shall sifted be,
 And the chaff be driv'n from thee :
 When the reaping time shall come,
 And angels shout the harvest-home,

86

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 30.

WE are marching on with shield and banner bright ;
 We will work for God and battle for the right,
 We will praise his name, rejoicing in his might,
 And we'll work till Jesus calls.

In the Sunday-school our army we prepare,
 As we rally round our blessed standard there,
 And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,
 While we work till Jesus calls.

CHORUS.

Then awake, then awake,
 Happy song, happy song,
 Shout for joy, shout for joy,
 As we gladly march along.

We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow ;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

- 2 We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear :
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along ;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.

Chorus. Then awake, &c.

- 3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Chorus. Then awake, &c.

87

L. M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
G For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

88

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 22.

HITHER we come, as a happy Band,
To sing sweet songs of a better land,
The land of peace and love ;
Where Jesus reigns as a king alone,
And all His children fondly own
Their Father, God above.

CHORUS.

Oh ! merrily, merrily, joyous and free,
Sing we the song of the true,
Cheerily, cheerily, happy are we,
Warm is our welcome to you.
Welcome ! welcome !
Warm is our welcome to you !

- 2 Greeting we give on this festive night,
A happy lay of the hearts delight,
Good will on every hand ;
Bright eyes are beaming amid the throng,
And young hearts glow as they sing the song
Of this our happy Band.

Chorus. Greeting we give &c,

- 3 Gems have we brought to delight the soul,
And flowers whose fragrance shall e'er be whole,
That cheer life's way along ;
Then give your hearts and extend your hands,
And let us bind you in silken bands,
The bands of love and song.

CHORUS.

Oh! joyously, joyously sound we the strain,
 For 'tis the song of the true:
 Cheerily, cheerily give we again,
 Welcome, thrice welcome to you.
 Welcome! welcome!
 Welcome, thrice welcome to you.

89

FROM TEMPERANCE CHIMES.

PRAISE! give praise, and from our hearts uplift it.
 Buoyant with joy and spirit winged with prayer,
 Freight it with thanks, and let our bright song drift it
 Up round the throne to meet its welcome there,
 In God we trust, and like the wealth of autumn,
 Countless his mercies gather round the land,
 Heart tells to heart our dear cause hath his blessing,
 For here have we felt his wonder working hand.

CHORUS.

Praise! then praise! to him who reigns above us,
 Praise! give praise! for wonders he hath done,
 Praise! give praise! He gave us grace to move us,
 Praise for grace that guides the work begun.

- 2 Praise! give praise! for round our earth of beauty,
 Children, so like the pure ones up in heaven—
 Children will yet teach lagging age its duty,
 Lispering the precepts fathers should have given,
 Bleak hearts will glow, and gloomy homes will
 brighten,
 Sinners be saved, and life forget her woe,
 Peace, robed in light, will then come down in glory,
 And gives us her smiles, to cheer our toils below.
Chorus. Praise!. then praise! &c.

- 3 Praise! give praise! nor fear the work before us,
 Truth leads the way, and onward is our march;

Faith fills our souls, and while hope brightens
o'er us,

Feet shall not weary, and lips shall not parch.
So onward we march, then shoulder to shoulder,
Hand grasping hand, a dauntless band are we ;
Sin shall be crushed as on we tread to conquest,
And Jesus yet shall make the wide world free !

Chorus. Praise ! then praise ! &c.

90

7s. & 6s.

TO Thee, my God and Saviour !

My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,

Almighty King of kings !

I'll celebrate thy glory,

With all thy saints above,

And tell the wondrous story,

Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the moon, with roses,

Bedeck the dewy east,

And when the sun reposes

Upon the ocean's breast,

My voice, in supplication,

Well pleased the Lord shall hear ;

Oh ! grant me thy salvation

And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,

I'll pass the dangerous road

With heavenly host escorted,

Up to thy bright abode ;

Then cast my crown before thee,

And, all my conflicts o'er,

Unceasingly adore thee ;

What could an angel more.

91

8s. & 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share.

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

92

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, children wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh,
Wake, children wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Children are ye of light;
Yours is the glory bright,
Wake, children wake!

- 2 Call to each working band,
Watch, children watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, children watch!

Be ye as men that wait
 All at the Master's gate;
 E'en though he tarry late,
 Watch, children watch!

3 Heed we the steward's call,
 Work, children work!
 There's work enough for all,
 Work, children work!
 This vineyard of the Lord
 Fresh labor will afford;
 Yours is a sure reward,
 Work, children work!

4 Hear we the shepherd's voice,
 Pray, children pray!
 Would ye his heart rejoice
 Pray, children pray!
 Sin calls for constant fear,
 Long as we struggle here,
 We need the Strong One near,
 Pray, children pray!

5 Now sound the final chord,
 Praise, children praise!
 Thrice holy is our Lord,
 Praise, children praise!
 What more befits our tongues,
 Leading the angel's songs,
 While heaven the note prolongs?
 Praise, children praise!

WHEN the six day's work is o'er and done,
 And the soft light shines of the Sabbath sun,
 Gladly then we haste with merry feet,
 To the Sunday-school and its calm retreat.

CHORUS.

Oh, we love our dear Sunday-school,
'Tis a happy place, 'tis a blessed place;
Loudest songs, yes, loudest songs of joy we raise
For our blessed Sunday-school.

- 2 Though our homes are bright, with cheerful heart
We can say good-bye as we gently part,
With our parents dear, and haste away
To the Sunday-school where we love to stay.

Chorus. Oh, we love, &c.

- 3 On our heavenly way, so green and fair,
We are kindly led by our teachers there,
And we read with them the page of truth,
'Tis the light of age and the guide of youth.

Chorus. Oh, we love, &c.

- 4 Oh, then urge them in—the wan, the wild,
Yes, the poor, the wayward, the erring child,
For our doors are open for one and all,
There's a welcome for each in our Sabbath hall.

Chorus. Oh, we love, &c.

94

COME, children, now to Jesus sing,
Hosanna, hosanna in the highest;
'To him your grateful tribute bring,
Hosanna, hosanna in the highest:
He came to earth our souls to save,
'To ransom us, himself he gave;
Now we may triumph o'er the grave,
Hosanna, hosannah in the highest.

2. He came to earth a little child,
Hosanna in the highest;
Obedient, faithful, meek and mild,
Hosanna in the highest.

Come, children, learn his gracious ways ;
 Come, celebrate his wondrous grace,
 Then you shall sing through endless days,
 Hosanna in the highest.

3 The Saviour loves to hear your song,
 Hosanna in the highest ;
 More sweet the praises of the young,
 Hosanna in the highest ;
 Then early choose the better part,
 From sinful ways at once depart ;
 Come, sing to him with all your heart,
 Hosanna in the highest.

4 To him let every creature raise
 Hosanna in the highest ;
 Let children join to sing his praise,
 Hosanna in the highest :
 For, though he dwelleth now above,
 His heart is still as full of love,—
 Oh, may that love our spirits move !
 Hosanna in the highest.

WE are homeward bound to the land of life and
 love,
 With a swelling sail we onward sweep ;
 Tho' the rude wind blow, there is one who rules above,
 Who will guard the weary sailor on the deep.

CHORUS.

In the good ship Zion we are tossing on the tide,
 But the wild dark tempest soon shall cease ;
 All the danger over, she will safe at anchor ride
 In the port of everlasting peace.

Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm,
 Though the breakers roar upon the lee;
 'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm.
 And he'll steer the good ship Zion o'er the Sea,
Chorus. In the good ship Zion, &c.

3 Tho' for ages past she has ploughed the stormy main,
 She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;
 Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fearful hurricane,
 She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy
 shore.
Chorus. In the good ship Zion, &c.

4 Ho, ye youthful souls, there is danger in your path,
 By the chart of folly you're mislead;
 There are rocks beneath, and above a storm of wrath,
 And the breakers of destruction are ahead.
Chorus. In the good ship Zion, &c.

5 We are homeward bound; wont you join our happy
 crew?
 Come aboard, poor sinner, while you may;
 To the eye of faith there's the better land in view;
 'Tis the land that shines with never ending day.
Chorus. In the good ship Zion, &c.

96

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 62.

WE leave the world of care
 To greet one day in seven,
 To join in praise and prayer,
 And learn the way to heaven.
 The Sabbath bells invite us all,
 Faint emblem of God's holy call.

CHORUS.

Chime on sweet bells,
 Your cheerful ring
 Shall tune our lips
 God's praise to sing.

- 2 We leave our books and play
 To read that Book Divine,
 There we are taught the way
 The joys that ne'er decline.

Chorus. The Sabbath bells, &c.

3. We leave our earthly home
 To seek that blest abode,
 Where loved companions come
 To lift their hearts to God.

Chorus. The Sabbath bells, &c.

JESUS, the water of life shall give.
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus, the water of life will give
 Freely to those who love him.
 Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
 Flowing for those that love him.

CHORUS.

The Spirit and the Bride say, come
 Freely, freely, freely,
 And he that is thirsty let him come
 And drink of the water of life.
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Flowing, freely flowing.
 The fountain of life is flowing,
 Is flowing for you and for me.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love him.

Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love him.

Chorus. The Spirit, &c.

3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.

Chorus. The Spirit, &c.

4. Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.

Chorus. The Spirit, &c.

98

FROM SILVER SPRAY.—PAGE 57.

RINGING, sweetly ringing,
 The cheerful Sabbath bells,
 We linger a moment their call to hear,
 Then haste away to our school so dear,
 Over the greenwood joyous and free,
 Singing with gladness, happy are we.

CHORUS.

While over the distant hill,
 Their music is floating still,
 Hear the echo, echo, echo, sweet Sabbath bells.

2. Ringing, sweetly ringing,
 Their silver chimes we love,
 A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
 A welcome call to the house of prayer,
 Telling of raptures, telling of rest,
 Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.
Chorus. While over the distant hill, &c.

- 3 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
 Those cheerful Sabbath bells,
 O! let us be grateful to God above,
 Who crowneth our days with the light of love,
 Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee,
 Praise from thy children offered shall be.
Chorus. While over the distant hill, &c.

99

FROM SONGS OF GLADNESS.—PAGE 82.

O WELCOME day that greets us here!
 We love its cheerful rule,
 And at this happy hour appear
 Within the Sabbath-school.

CHORUS.

O the Sabbath-school!
 O the Sabbath-school!
 The blessed Sabbath-school!
 When we all shall away to sing and pray,
 In the blessed, blessed Sabbath-school.

- 2 The Bible is a fountain clear
 Of waters fresh and cool,
 Reviving these from year to year
 Within the Sabbath-school.
Chorus. O the Sabbath-school! &c.
- 3 God speed the time when thirsting lands
 Shall bear the sparkling pool;

When heathen nations, clasping hands,
Shall bless the Sabbath-school.

Chorus. O the Sabbath-school! &c.

4 Then all united let us bow
Around the Lord's footstool,
And of him ask, yea, ask him now,
To bless the Sabbath-school.

Chorus. O the Sabbath-school! &c.

100

FROM FRESH LAURELS.—PAGE 82.

COME, join our choral number,
Our merry, merry lay,
While pleasure like a fairy
Now trips along our way.
She brings a festive garland,
From hope's enchanted bowers,
A wreath of smiling roses,
A wreath of smiling roses,
A wreath of smiling roses,
Impearled with summer showers.

CHORUS.

Singing, singing merrily,
All united joyful, joyful,
Mingle our festive song.

2 O happy golden moments,
We hail them with delight,
While every heart rejoices,
And ev'ry eye is bright;
The bird that wakes the greenwood,
The breeze that fans the lea,
The brooklet in the meadow,
The brooklet in the meadow,
The brooklet in the meadow,
Are not more glad than we.

Chorus. Singing, singing merrily, &c.

- 3 Yet while our strains of music,
 In tuneful echoes fall,
 Oh, let us each remember,
 The Lord the source of all ;
 Who crowns with joy and comfort
 Our youthful days below,
 And tells us of a country,
 And tells us of a country,
 And tells us of a country,
 Where purer blessings flow.
Chorus. Singing, singing merrily, &c.

101

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.—PAGE 18.

- S**WIFTLY glides the hours away,
 Speeding from us day by day ;
 Leaving ever, as they move,
 Tokens of our Father's love.
- 2 Toil and rest alike he shares,
 Blesses both our joys and cares,
 Makes them all His goodness prove,
 Makes them tokens of His love.
- 3 If to-day our lives have been
 Soil'd by thought or deed of sin ;
 Lord from us the guilt remove,
 Father, pardon in Thy love.
- 4 In the darkness and the light,
 Keep us ever in Thy sight ;
 And to Thy dear home above,
 Father, guide us in Thy love.

102

[FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 14.

KEEP me, Father, safely keep me,
 Never let my footsteps stray :
 Lead me to the fount eternal,
 There my doubts and fears allay.

CHORUS.

Keep me, Father, safely keep me,
From all dangers on the way,
While I tread the pathway rugged,
Climb the hills to lasting day.

- 2 Keep me, Father, safely keep me,
Till in heaven I wake above!
Make me pure, and good, and holy,
Spotless make me like the dove.

CHORUS.

Keep me, Father, safely keep me,
Till the toil of life is o'er,
Till the angels home shall bear me
Safely up on Jordan's shore.

103

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 26.

GOD is love; the heavens tell it
Thro' their glorious orbs of light,
In that glad and golden language,
Speaking to us day and night,

CHORUS.

Their great story,
Their great story,
God is love, and God is light.

- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back, from hill and grove,

CHORUS.

Her glad story,
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love.

- 3 Thro' these anthems of creation,
 Struggling up with gentle strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation
 To the world, with blessings rife,

CHORUS.

Tell their story,
 Tell their story,
 God is love, and God is life.

- 4 Up to Him let each affection
 Duly rise, and round him move ;
 Our whole lives one resurrection
 To the life of life above ;

CHORUS.

Our glad story,
 Our glad story,
 God is life, and God is love.

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 28.

- I** WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep ;
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er desert, waste, and wild :
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,—
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled:
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love His fold.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

105

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 85.

“STAND up for Jesus!” well I may,
 S For when condemned to death, I lay,
 A sin-bound soul, He set me free,
 By dying on the cross for me.

2 “Stand up for Jesus!” sure I ought;
 His precious blood my ransom wrought;
 His faithful friend I ought to be,
 Since He has shown such love for me.

3 “Stand up for Jesus!” yes, I must.
 My Lord, my life, my hope, my trust,
 My joy, my crown, my all is He,
 Who dying, conquered death for me.

4 “Stand up for Jesus!” O, I will,
 His love my inmost soul shall fill;
 For now, with joy, I see, I see,
 How Jesus once stood up for me.

106

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 121.

KNOW ye that better land,
 Where care's unknown?
 Know ye that blessed land
 Around the throne?
 There, there is happiness,
 There streams of purest bliss;
 There, there are rest and peace—
 There, there alone.

CHORUS.

Then let us haste away,
 Speed o'er the world's dark way,
 Unto that land of day—
 That better land.

- 2 Yes, yes, we know that place,
 We know it well;
 Eye hath not seen His face,
 Tongue cannot tell;
 There are the angels bright,
 There saints enrobed in white,
 All, all, are clothed in light—
 There, they dwell.
Chorus. Then let us haste away, &c.

- 3 Come! hasten that sweet day,
 Let time be gone;
 Come! Lord, make no delay,
 On Thy white throne;
 Thy face we wish to see,
 To dwell and reign with Thee,
 And thine forever be—
 Thine, thine alone.
Chorus. Then let us haste away, &c.

107

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 131.

CHILDREN'S voices high in heaven,
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them the king of kings hath given
Glory lasting as his own.
Lord! it was Thy mercy free
Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land, ere long;
Lord! let us Thy children be;
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 Now to come, with loving mind,
Simple faith, and earnest prayer,
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there.
Lamb of God! our Saviour be;
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come! be Thou our guide
Thro' life's dark and troubled way;
And when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day;
Then in heaven Thy words shall be,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

108

FROM NEW CASKET.—PAGE 126.

STRIKE the cymbal, roll the tymbal,
Let the trump of triumph sound;
Powerful slinging, headlong bringing
Proud Goliath to the ground.
From the river, rejecting quiver,
Judah's hero takes the stone,

Spread your banners, shout hosannas !
 Battle is the Lord's alone.
 See ! advances, with songs and dances,
 All the band of Israel's daughters ;
 Catch the sound, ye hills and waters ;
 Spread your banners, shout hosannas !
 Battle is the Lord's alone.
 God of thunder, rend asunder,
 All the power Philistia boasts ;
 What are nations ? what their stations ?
 Israel God is Lord of hosts.
 What are haughty monarch's now ?
 Low before Jehovah bow !
 Pride of princes, strength of kings,
 To the dust Jehovah brings.
 Praise him, praise him, exulting nations praise,
 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna.

109

FROM THE CASKET, No. 2.—PAGE 36.

CHILDREN, there is none like Jesus,
 Fond and tender, gentle, kind,
 'Mongst the friends on earth to please us,
 None like Jesus can you find ;
 He calls you lambs,
 He marks your name,
 And knows the secrets of your mind.

2 Sweet the mother's fond caressings,
 Kind the anxious father's care ;
 Sweeter far are Jesus' blessings,
 And he numbers every hair :
 He never sleeps,
 But loves and keeps
 His little ones as jewels rare.

- 3 Tend'rest mother may forsake you,
Pitying father be unkind ;
Then it is that Christ will take you,
And to his fond bosom bind :
He'll never leave
His lambs to grieve,
Forgotten, helpless, weak and blind.
- 4 When you from his fold are straying,
To the wolf's or lion's den,
He is to his Father praying—
For he loves you even then :
Goes forth to see
Where you may be,
And yearns to bring you back again.
- 5 Spake the Lord to those around him,—
“Heaven's kingdom is of such ;”
Men, not children, sold and bound him,
Children lov'd and prais'd him much ;
They ran to meet,
To sing and greet,
And gain the Son of David's touch.
- 6 Ready thus for Christ's appearing,
Lambs he'll gather to his rest,
And be seen to heaven, bearing
All his children to his breast :
No sin, nor blight,
Nor cheerless night,
But day eternal—joys the best.

110

FROM THE CASKET.—PAGE 51.

TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear ?
“Tis I ; be not afraid.”

CHORUS.

'Tis I, who led thy steps aright;
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight.
 'Tis I; thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
 "'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
 That storm has all been spent on me;
 'Tis I; be not afraid."
Chorus. 'Tis I; who led, &c.

3 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessings are around thee shed:
 'Tis I; be not afraid.
Chorus. 'Tis I; who led, &c.

4 When on the other side thy feet
 Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
 One well-known voice thine ear will greet;
 'Tis I; be not afraid.
Chorus. 'Tis I; who led, &c.

5 From out the dazzling majesty,
 Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,
 Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
 'Tis I; be not afraid."
Chorus. 'Tis I; who led, &c.

111

FROM SONGS OF PRAISE.—PAGE 144.

JESUS, we love to meet,
 On this Thy day.
 We worship round thy seat,
 On this Thy day.

Thou tender, heavenly Friend !
To thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy day.

2. We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught,
To serve thee as we ought,
On this Thy day.

3. We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy day.
Bless all that we have heard,
On this Thy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart,
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy day.

112

8s. 7s.

HERE we come with cheerful voices,
Loud to sing our Saviour's praise,
Every youthful heart rejoices,
While to Him our song we raise,
Heavenly mansions bright are shining,
With His glory and His love ;
Children in His arms are clinging,
For of such is heaven above.

2. Waving palms are cast before Him,
Garlands bright perfume the air ;
Thousands now in love adore Him,
As He comes triumphant there.

"Glory in the highest, glory,"
 Swells again the joyful strain ;
 "Blessed is the King," whose story
 Fills the heavens, and earth and main.

3. Let us then, with cheerful voices,
 Glad the cheerful theme prolong ;
 Echo back till heaven rejoices,
 Praise in never-ending song ;
 Loving Him above all other
 Friends whom dearly now we love ;
 Son of God, our Elder Brother,
 Saviour, King, He reigns above !

113

DEAR friends, with joy we meet you here,
 On this our festive day,
 To bless God for the Sunday-school :
 O join our simple lay.

CHORUS.

The Sunday-School, the Sunday-school,
 God bless the Sunday-school.

2. 'Tis there we learn how Jesus died,
 To save our ruined race ;
 How he was mocked and crucified,
 That we might share his grace.
Chorus. The Sunday-school, &c.
3. While teachers look to God in prayer,
 His Spirit to impart,
 O may the lessons taught us there
 Be graven on each heart.
Chorus. The Sunday-school, &c.

4. When spring with verdure clothes the scene,
When summer breezes blow,
'Mid winter's snows and tempests keen,
To Sunday-school we'll go.
Chorus. The Sunday-school, &c.

114

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 4.

- W**HEN children join in singing
The mighty Saviour's praise,
It is on earth beginning
The endless song to raise.
And when they join in praying
To Him who heareth prayer,
They then are Christ obeying,
Who makes a child His care.
- 2 When children join in learning
The way that leads above,
It is a step returning
Unto the God of love.
And when their hearts are beating
With penitence within,
It is the first retreating
From ways of death and sin.
- 3 When children meet in heaven,
That holy, happy place,
They'll sing of sins forgiven,
Through God's abounding grace.
They'll sing the wondrous story,
Of Jesus' dying love;
And evermore in glory,
Will reign with Him above.

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 5.

OUR joyous songs of praise,
 To Thee, O God, we raise,
 O God of love!
 Thy truth we make our choice,
 In Thee our hearts rejoice,
 Hear Thou Thy children's voice,
 In heaven above.

2 The Saviour's love we sing,
 And to Thy altar bring
 Our humble prayer;
 Make us all pure within,
 Forgive our every sin,
 And keep us ever in
 Thy holy care.

3 Our Father, wilt Thou take
 Our hearts for Jesus' sake,
 And make them Thine!
 O keep us in Thy care;
 Protect from every snare,
 And hear our earnest prayer
 ♣ For grace divine.

4 This world is fair and bright,
 But there's a world of light
 Beyond the sky;
 There we would ever dwell,
 There Thy rich mercies tell,
 While sounding anthems swell
 In harmony.

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 8.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before;

Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Chorus. Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
Which can never fail.

Chorus. Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honor,
Men and angels sing,
Thro' the countless ages
Unto Christ the King.

Chorus. Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

117

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 64.

MY Saviour sits on Heaven's throne,
 And calls me now to be his own:
 He hears each prayer, He sees each tear,
 He softly whispers in my ear,
 "Come unto Me, my child."

2 He asks the Father for His sake
 To hear each little prayer I make;
 And from the Father comes to me,
 A loving answer full and free,
 "Come unto Me, my child."

3 The blessed Jesus wants my love,
 And wants me in His home above,—
 That Heavenly home so pure and bright,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and light,
 To be His loving child.

4 And O, if Jesus wants my love,
 And wants me in His home above,
 Do Heavenly Father, for His sake,
 Forgive my sins, my heart now take,
 And call me now Thy child.

118

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 71.

THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
 To Thee our prayers ascend;
 To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
 Thou art "The Children's Friend."

2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
 On Thee our lives depend;
 Lord, save our souls from sin and woe,
 Be Thou "The Children's Friend."

- 3 Teach us to prize Thy Holy Word,
To all Thy truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love "The Children's Friend."
- 4 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
From every ill defend;
Help us in early life to flee
To Thee, "The Children's Friend."
- 5 Oh! may we taste of Jesus' love;
To Him our souls commend;
For Jesus left the realms above,
To be "The Children's Friend."

119

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 45.

- I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White is His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right-hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:

I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, lowly, loving, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angel's song.

120

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 56.

LORD, I would come to Thee,
A sinner all defiled;
Oh, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as Thy child.

- 2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.
- 3 Among Thy little flock,
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare,
- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am Thine;
Still keep me in Thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring Thy salvation near.

121

FROM GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 68.

WORK for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon ;
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies ;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

122

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 142.

CRY aloud, cry aloud, spare not,
 Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
 Show the people their transgressions, and the house of
 Jacob their sins.

Say woe to them that tarry long at wine till wine
 inflame them,
 For the drunkard shall come to poverty.

123

FROM BRIGHT JEWELS.—PAGE 9.

IN the furrows of thy life,
 Scatter seed, Scatter seed !
 Small may be thy spirit field,

But a goodly crop 'twill yield:
Sow the kindly word and deed.
Scatter, scatter seed!

- 2 Up! the morning flies away,
Scatter seed!
Hand of thine must never tire,
Heart must keep its pure desire:
While thy brothers faint and bleed.
Scatter seed!
- 3 Tho' thy works should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter seed!
- 4 Spring-time always dawns for thee;
Scatter seed!
Ope thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give to thee thy meed.
Scatter seed!

124

6, 4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though a lone wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
Pillowed on stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee.

- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps up to heav'n,—
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy giv'n,—
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee.

125

FROM BRIGHT JEWELS.—PAGE 68.

SOUND the battle cry!
 See! the foe is nigh;
 Raise the standard high
 For the Lord;
 Gird your armor on,
 Stand firm every one;
 Rest your cause upon
 His holy word.

CHORUS.

Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the banner!
 Ready, steady, pass the word along;
 Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosannah!
 Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,
 While our cause we know
 Must prevail;
 Shield and banner bright
 Gleaming in the light;
 Battling for the right
 We ne'er can fail.

Chorus. Rouse then, soldiers! &c.

- 3 Oh! thou God of all,
 Hear us when we call;
 Help us one and all
 By thy grace;
 When the battle's done,
 And the vict'ry won,
 May we wear the crown
 Before thy face.

Chorus. Rouse then, soldiers! &c.

126

FROM BRIGHT JEWELS.—PAGE 125.

LO! the Sabbath morning breaking, breaking,
 Fills the heart with music, joy and gladness;
 Strains of pure devotion waking, waking,
 Let us join the chorus of praise to God.

CHORUS.

While the cheerful bells are ringing, ringing,
 Chiming out their welcome loud and clear,
 Throngs of happy children singing, singing,
 Gather in the home they prize so dear.

- 2 Gentle, loving Saviour, bending, bending
 From a throne of mercy, grant thy blessing,
 While our grateful voices blending, blending,
 Swell the happy chorus of praise to Thee.
Chorus. While cheerful bells, &c.

- 3 Where the golden harps are ringing, ringing,
In the sunny vales of Eden fair;
Where the pure in heart are singing, singing,
Jesus, may we dwell forever there.
Chorus. While the cheerful bells, &c.

127

FROM GOLDEN SHOWER.—PAGE 105.

FRAIL is my bark and stormy is the ocean,
How can I hope to stem the rushing tide;
How can I face the billows wild commotion;
Dangers are threat'ning me on every side.

CHORUS.

With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely
over,
Though the storm is raging and the billows
foam;
And find a refuge from the storm when Heav'n
is my home.

- 2 Though weak my faith, there's One whose love un-
failing,
Will cast a brightness over sight so dim;
His strength for all my frailties still availing,
Will make me feel the love I owe to Him.
Chorus. With Jesus at the helm, &c.
- 3 Hushed are my fears, and in his love confiding,
O let me lean my head upon his breast;
At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
Will safely bear me home with Him to rest.
Chorus. With Jesus at the helm, &c.
- 4 Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
E'en through the night I see his glorious form,
With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me,
My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm.
Chorus. With Jesus at the helm, &c.

JESUS is our morning star,
 Brightly beaming from afar ;
 He is sent to guide our way,
 From the darkness to the day ;
 And His dying love alone,
 Can for all our sins atone.

CHORUS.

The bright and morning star,
 The bright and morning star,
 Jesus is the morning star,
 The bright and morning star.

2 Jesus is our morning star
 Tho' in sorrow's night we are ;
 Tho' the clouds around our way
 Give no token of the day :
 Still the dawning hour draws near ;
 Rise, and cast aside each fear.
Chorus. The bright, &c.

3 Jesus is our morning star
 When our prison we unbar,
 When we break the chains of sin,
 And the pure light ushers in ;
 Trust not earth's delusive ray,
 He alone foretells the day.
Chorus. The bright, &c.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise to thee from every tongue :
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

- 2 Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

130

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of every joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 3 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise :
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

131

8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,
Praise him when revived creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.

- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
 Come so fragrant from the flowers,
 Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,
 Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.
- 3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing
 Guide us in the way of truth,
 Keep our feet from paths of error,
 Make us holy in our youth.

132

7s.

- H** EAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored !
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way,
 Till we come to dwell with thee,
 Till we all thy glory see.

133

6s. & 4s.

- C** OME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise !
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend ; -
 From all our foes defend,
 Nor let us fall ;

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed :
Lord, hear our call !

134

C. P. M.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His boundless mercy sing :
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Let every element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll :
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ :
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The song of holy joy !

135

Gs. & 4s.

GLAD hearts to thee we bring,
With joy thy name we sing,
Father above !

Creation praises thee,
On all around we see
Tokens of love.

- 2 Giver of all our powers !
Now, in life's morning hours,
May they be thine !
Pure and from error free,
An offering worthy thee,
Father Divine !

136

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 3 When shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an eternal world of joy ?

137

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

138

L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing :
Praise Him, who has all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.

- 2 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

- 3 But in redemption, oh, what grace !
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines forever bright :
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

139

H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name,
 "My Father and my Friend?"
 I love his name; I love his word:
 Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord!

140

10s.

A BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

141

S. M.

STILL with thee, O my God,
 I would desire to be;
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with thee.

- 2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
 And calls me back to care;
 Each day returning to begin
 With thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind:
 The setting as the rising sun
 With thee my heart would find:

- 4 With thee, in thee, by faith
 Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with thee.

142

C. M.

- SHINE on our souls eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favor crown our days,
 And all their round be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour employed,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
 Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

143

7s.

- FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer;
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 Then if thou thy help afford,
 Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who regards our humble cries.

144

L. M.

FATHER, once more let grateful praise,
And humble prayer to thee ascend ;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our early and our only Friend.

- 2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned,
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
Forever sure, as time rolls round.
- 3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone ;
And if we meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

145

8s. & 7s.

HEAVENLY Father ! grant thy blessing
On the instructions of this day :
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

- 2 We are told thy power can reach us
Whatsoever place we're in ;
And the Holy Scriptures teach us
Thou wilt surely punish sin.
- 3 We have wandered, O forgive us !
We have wished from truth to rove ;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.
- 4 We have learned that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good ;
Died to gain for us thy favour,
And redeem us by his blood.

- 5 For his sake, O God, forgive us !
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

146

L. M.

THUS far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat ;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

- 2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

147

L. M.

FOR this sweet hour, O God above,
Accept our thanks, our highest love ;
Here may the dew of grace descend,
From Thee our Father, Saviour, Friend.

- 2 Accept our thanks, O gracious Lord,
For every promise in thy word ;
And may thy truth divinely blest,
Sink deep in every youthful breast.
- 3 O grant our teachers all may be
Inspired with zeal, and taught of thee ;
That by their kind instruction given,
Our souls may find the gate of heaven.
- 4 O guard us, Lord, from day to day,
In all we do and all we say ;
From evil thoughts our hearts defend,
And guide us to our journey's end.

148

6s. & 4s.

GOD of the morning ray,
 G God of the rising day,
 Glorious in power !
 In thee we live and move,
 And thus we daily prove
 Thy condescending love
 Each passing hour.

2 God of our feeble race,
 God of redeeming grace,
 Spirit all-blest !
 Our own eternal Friend,
 Thy guardian influence lend,
 From every snare defend—
 In thee we rest.

149

C. M.

ONCE more my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him that rules the skies.

2 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

150

L. M.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
 G The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.

- 2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

151

7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.
- 3 When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

152

C. M.

LORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

153

7s.

SUPPLIANT, lo, thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
 We are weak, almighty thou.

- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teachers blessed ;
 In our lives and in our hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.

- 3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and pardon from above,
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith, and holy love.

154

8s. & 7s.

GRACIOUS God, our Heavenly Father !
 G Meet and bless our school, we pray ;
 As in humble trust we gather,
 Teachers, scholars, here to-day.
 Every joy and every blessing
 From thy bounteous hand we own ;
 May thy love, our souls possessing,
 Draw us nearer to thy throne.

- 2 Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
 From thy precepts, Lord, we stray ;
 Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
 Bring us back to virtue's way.
 Humble, penitent, confiding,
 May we rest our hope in thee ;
 In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
 In thy peace and purity.

155

L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

156

8s. & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
G Sion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which he gives them, when they pray.

157

L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head :
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infnat voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud amen.

158

7s. & 6s.

- W**HEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along ?
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And Him who once was slain
 Again to earth descended
 In righteousness to reign !

- 2 Then from the craggý mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply ;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound !

159

P. M.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

160

7s.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
 When beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore
 Satan and his host o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

161

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 These hours of toil and danger;

CHORUS.

For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

Chorus. For oh, &c.

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
When angel harps are ringing.
Chorus. For oh, &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever ,
Our Kings says, "Come," and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever !
Chorus. For oh, &c.

162

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain :
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

163

“COME TO JESUS.”

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now ;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

He will save you, just now.

He is able, just now.

He is willing, just now.

He'll receive you, just now.

He'll forgive you, just now.

He'll renew you, just now.

Don't reject him, just now.

Only trust him, just now.

Hallelujah, Amen.

164

L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 O lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart, and bleeding hands,
O matchless kindness, and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove a Friend indeed !
He will—the very Friend you need ;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

165

C. M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
 - 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
 - 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
 - 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

166

8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

167

7s, DOUBLE.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Maker asks you why;
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live,
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why;
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live,
 Will ye let him die in vain,
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye rebel sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God the Spirit asks you why;
 Many a time with you he strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love;
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why will ye for ever die,
 O ye guilty sinners, why?

168

1 THESS. iv. 14.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

169

THE LIFE ABOVE.

S. M.

O H, where shall rest be found—
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.

170

THE JOYFUL MEETING.

C. M.

H OW pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love;
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.

CHORUS.

O! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O! that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.

Chorus. O! that will be, &c.

- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.

Chorus. O! that will be, &c.

- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways:
 That we, with those we love, may join
 In never-ending praise.

Chorus. O! that will be, &c.

171

1 PETER v. 7.

S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
 How kind his precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell;
 That Hand which bears creation up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day:
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

172

GOD OUR BENEFACTOR.

S. M.

MY Maker and my King!
 To thee my all I owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 Whence all my blessings flow.

- 2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!
- 4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew
And fill it with thy love.

173 REMEMBRANCE OF DIVINE MERCIES. C. M.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!
- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

174

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

175

L. M.

OH happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

176

LOVE DIVINE.

8s. & 7s. D.

- LOVE divine, all love excelling—
Joy of heaven! to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Sprit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

177

CORONATION.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

178

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

179

7, 8, D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shall be ;
Let the world neglect and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hopes have oft deceived me ;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain :
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see ;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

180

L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, " Come to me !"

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
- 3 Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whispers, "Come to me!"
- 4 I come; all else must fail and die,
Earth hath no resting-place for me;
To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
Thou art my hope; I come to Thee.

181

GIVING THE HEART.

8s. & 7s.

TAKE my heart, O Father, take it!
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love hath bound it,
Make it to be wholly thine.

182

RESIGNATION.

C. M.

MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

- 2 Whate'er thy providence denies
 I calmly would resign;
 For thou art good, and just, and wise:
 Oh, bend my will to thine!
- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear!
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

183

SEEKING PEACE.

L. M. 6l.

- O** FATHER! lift our souls above
 Till we find rest in thy dear love;
 And still that peace divine impart
 Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
 And makes each morn and setting sun
 But bring us nearer to thy throne.
- 2 May we our daily duties meet,
 Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
 And win that strength which doth thy will,
 And seeth thee, and so is still;
 And, fixed on thy sustaining arm,
 Find daily food and know no harm.
- 3 Help us with man in peace to live,
 Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
 And day and night the tempter flee
 Through strength which comes alone from thee!
 Thus will our spirits find their rest
 In thy deep peace forever blest.

184

LUKE xxiii. 42.

C. M

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me!

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I can not flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

185 PRAYER FOR CONTENTMENT. C. M.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

186 ISAIAH xlv. 22. 6s. & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;

Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire !
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul !

187

1 PETER ii. 7.

C. P. M.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears .
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne ;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

- 3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

188 PRAISE TO THE SAVIOUR. 7s. & 6s.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings !
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear :
Oh ! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode ;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee :
What could an angel more ?

189

REDEEMING LOVE.

8s. & 7s.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 By thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

190

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open Thou our eyes.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The gracious love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

- 4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

191

S. M.

- N**OW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
O sinners ! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late ;
Then why should you delay.
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord ! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love ;
Then will the angels speed their way,
To bear the news above.

192

CHRIST A REFUGE

7s. D.

- J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
Oh, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

193

ISAIAH xl. 11.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care :
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us ;
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free ;
 Blessed Jesus !
 Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor ;
 Early let us learn thy will ;
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill :
 Blessed Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still !

194

2 COR. i. 22.

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

195 PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE. L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

196 HOME IN HEAVEN. 6s. & 4s.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:

Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

197

CANT. v. 10-16.

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

198

LOVING KINDNESS.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving-kindness, oh how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul hath always stood:
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
 Oh, may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

199

PROVERBS xviii. 24.

8s. & 7s.

- ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 3 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

200

REV. v. 12.

6s. & 4s.

- GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing loud forevermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless:
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet we will never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we bring;
 Hail him our glorious King;
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

201

RICHES OF GRACE.

7s.

- J**OYFUL be the hours to-day;
 Joyful let the seasons be;
 Let us sing, for well we may:
 Jesus! we will sing of thee.
- 2 Joyful are we now to own,
 Rapture thrills us as we trace
 All the deeds thy love hath done,
 All the riches of thy grace.
- 3 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
 Every blessing comes from thee—
 All we have, and hope to have,
 All we are, and hope to be.

202

"ELECT, PRECIOUS."

C. M.

- J**ESUS! I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to mine ear:
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

- 2 All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

203

L. M.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives.
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

204

RESPONSIBILITY.

S. M.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

205

THE SURRENDER.

8, 7, 4.

- WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near,
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

206

7, 6 lines.

FAITHFUL Shepherd, meek and mild,
To thy pasture lead a child,
Where the tender verdure grows,
Where the peaceful streamlet flows,
Where thy flock, from danger free,
Hear thy voice, and follow thee.

2 There, beneath thy watchful eye,
They are safe, though danger's nigh;
There, enfolded in thy arms,
They can smile at rude alarms;
'Though a host their way oppose,
Thou wilt save them from their foes.

3 When the vale of grief they tread,
Thou dost mark the tears they shed;
By their side in pity stand,
Dry the tear with tender hand;
Gently quell the rising fear,
Make it sweet to suffer there.

4 Faithful Shepherd, meek and mild,
To thy pastures lead a child;
Weak and helpless, Lord, I am,
Gather in a wand'ring lamb;
Lest from thee I further stray,
Take me to thy fold, I pray.

207

7s.

TO Thy temple, I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there:
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love, to mine attend;

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 3 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

208

7s.

SONGS of Praise the Angels sang;
N Heav'n with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of Praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of Praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of Praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heavens and earth,
Songs of Praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of Praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of Praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of Praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of Praise their powers employ.

209

FROM CHAPEL GEMS.

WHEN the morn is bright and fair,
When sweet songsters charm the air,
I will lift my heart in pray'r,
I will seek my Father;

Lest my feet should go astray
From His pure and perfect way ;
Lest I grieve Him as I may,
I will seek my Father.

2 In the solitude apart,
In the wilderness or mart,
I will lift my heart in pray'r,
I will seek my Father ;
In the darkness as the day,
He shall be my Guide and Stay ;
I will lean on Him alway—
I will seek my Father.

3 When the evening sun is red,
When each blossom droops its head,
Kneeling low beside my bed,
I will seek my Father ;
That I slumber in His care,
Shielded from each harmful snare ;
And for life or death prepare ;
I will seek my Father.

210

A HYMN OF PEACE.

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long !
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love !
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove !
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long !

2 Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—

Meadow and mountain and forest and sea !
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine !

- 3 Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain !
Hark ! a new-birth song is filling the sky !—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main !
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky !—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain !

211

IRR. M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day ;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

Oh then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

212

LUKE xviii. 1.

S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well,
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then earnest let us cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

213

MATT. vii. 7.

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself invites you near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

- 2 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

214

THE HEAVENLY RACE.

C. M.

- A** WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

215

ISAIAH xl. 28-31.

L. M.

- A** WAKE, our souls ! away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on !

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

216

"COME UNTO ME."

C. M. D.

- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that live-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till all my journey's done.

217

"WATCH AND PRAY."

S. M.

MY soul! be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God!
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

218

THERE'S a cry from Macedonia—Come and help
 us ;
 The light of the gospel bring, O come !
 Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
 We thirst for the living spring.
 O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
 Remember the great command, Away !
 Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature,
 Proclaim it in every land.

They shall gather from the East,
 They shall gather from the West,

With the patriarchs of old,
And the ransomed shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest
With their harps and crowns of gold.

- 2 O how beautiful their feet upon the mountains
The tidings of peace who bring, *Who bring*
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's king;
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Go work in your Master's field, Away!
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
'Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the water o'er the sea.
There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.
- 3 Ye have listed in the army of the faithful—
Like heroes the battle fight, Away!
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armor bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the Spirit wield, Away!
Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath loved
you,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing,
Ye by faith may bring it nigh;
Ye shall reach it by and by,
And your shouts of triumph ring,
There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given!

2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given!

3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given!

4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given!

5 Though small is all we can *do*
To please the King of Heaven;
Let hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight;
Such grace to mine be given!

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of imbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
Thy cross was stained with hallowed blood,
That I might taste thy dying love.
- 5 I would—but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

221 THE PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M. D.

- A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

- 3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more :
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blessed day ;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away !

222

8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whenever the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

223

7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

224

NEW YEAR.

L. M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

225

NEW YEAR.

C. M.

- O**UR Father! through the coming year
 We know not what shall be;
 But we would leave without a fear
 Its ordering all to thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
 For what the world holds fair;
 And all the good we thought to gain,
 Deceive and prove but care.
- 3 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
 No fears our trust shall move;
 Thou knowest what for each is best,
 And thou art Perfect Love.

226

NEW YEAR.

7s. D.

- W**HILE with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Nevermore to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait;
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

227

BREVITY OF LIFE.

7s. & 6s.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

228

OUR COUNTRY.

6s. & 4s.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

229

NATIONAL HYMN.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

230

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

231

C. M.

- A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
 - 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour died
For man the creature's sin.
 - 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

232

C. M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 4 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

233

C. M.

- C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon give;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

234

7s.

- D**EPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hear his gracious calls
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 4 Lord, incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

235

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus,"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

- 3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the lamb.

236

C. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

6 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

237

RESIGNATION.

C. M. D.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled !
Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
'That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

238

REJOICING IN HOPE.

S. M.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

239

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come.

- 2 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

240

C. M.

O! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sin that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

241

C. M.

- A** M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

242

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE. 8s. 7s. & 4s.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death! and hell's destruction!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

243

JOHN xvii. 9.

7s.

THINE forever! God of Love,
 Hear us from thy throne above!
 'Thine forever may we be,
 Here and in eternity!

- 2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
 They who find in thee their rest!
 Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
 Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
 These thy frail and trembling sheep;
 Safe alone beneath thy care,
 Let us all thy goodness share.

- 4 Thine forever! thou our Guide:
All our wants by thee supplied—
All our sins by thee forgiven—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

244

ROCK OF AGES.

7s.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

245

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

246

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

247

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

248

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

249

8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above ;

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

250

PARTING HYMN.

L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise ;
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Teachers ! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

251

COME, ye children and hearken unto me ; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from all evil and thy lips, that they speak no guile.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers.

The countenance of the Lord is against them that do evil ; to root out the remembrance of them from the earth.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

252

FROM CANTUS ECCLESIA.

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, and goodwill towards men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy ; Thou only art the Lord ;

Thou only O Christ ! with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

253

FROM HAPPY VOICES.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name :

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven :

Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

254

FROM SABBATH SONGS.—PAGE 56.

THRO' the pleasures of the day, when I read and when I pray, let me ever keep in view, God is seeing all I do.

When the sun withdraws his light, and I go to rest at night, let me never lay my head, down to rest upon my bed,

Till I lift my heart in prayer, for my heavenly Father's care, praying Him to kindly make me His child, for Jesus' sake.

255

PSALM xxiii.

THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; and Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence

of mine enemies ; Thou anointest my head with oil ;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life : And I will dwell in the house of the
Lord forever. Amen.

256 BENEDICITE OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

O! all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord,
Praise him, and magnify him for ever.
O! ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye sun and moon, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye winter and summer, bless ye Lord, &c.
O! ye showers of dew, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye light and darkness, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! let the earth, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye seas and flood, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye children of men, bless ye the Lord, &c.
O! ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, &c.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

257 VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

OH, come, let us sing unto the Lord :
Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal-
tation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God ;
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are all the corners of the earth ;
And the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it ;
And his hands prepared the dry land.
Oh, come, let us worship and fall down,
And kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For he is the Lord our God ;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep
of his hand.
Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ;
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth ;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the
people with his truth.

258

PSALM cxxii.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, We will go into
house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself.

For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the
Lord, to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the
name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgment ; even the seat of
the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper
that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within
thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish
thee prosperity.

Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, I
will seek to do thee good.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Ghost ; As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

259

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul :
And all that is within me praise his holy name.
Praise the Lord, O my soul ;
And forget not all his benefits.
Who forgiveth all thy sin ;
And healeth all thine infirmities.
Who saveth thy life from destruction,
And crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.
Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in
strength :
Ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto
the voice of his word.
Oh, praise the Lord, all ye hosts ;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.
Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all
places of his dominion ;
Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

260

PSALM ciii.

THE Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and abundant in mercy.
He will not always chide ;
Neither will he keep his anger forever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame ;
He remembereth that we are dust,

261

PSALM cxxi.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold he that keepeth Israel
Shall not slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even forevermore.

262

CANTATE DOMINO.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done
marvellous things.
With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath
he gotten himself the victory.
The Lord declared his salvation; his righteousness
hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward
the house of Israel; and all the ends of the world have
seen the salvation of our God.
Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands;
sing, rejoice, and give thanks.
Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp
with a psalm of thanksgiving.
With trumpets also, and shawms, O show yourselves
joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is ;
the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be
joyful together before the Lord ; for he cometh to judge
the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and
the people with equity.

263

JUBILATE DEO.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve the Lord
with gladness, and come before his presence with
a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God ; it is he that
hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his peo-
ple, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and
into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and
speak good of his name.

For the Lord is gracious ; his mercy is everlasting ;
and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

264

DEUS MISEREATUR.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us
the light of his countenance, and be merciful
unto us ;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving
health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the
people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad ; for thou shalt
judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations
upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the
people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase ; and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

265 BONUM EST CONFITERI. PSALM xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy Name, O Most Highest ;

To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning, and of thy truth in the night season :

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute ; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works ; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

266 THY WILL BE DONE.

“ **T**HY will be done !” In devious ways the hurrying stream of life may run ;

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, “ Thy will be done.

“ Thy will be done !” If o’er us shine a gladd’ning and a prosp’rous sun,

This prayer will make it more divine : “ Thy will be done.”

“ Thy will be done !” Though shrouded o’er our path with gloom,

One comfort—one is ours,—to breathe while we adore, “ Thy will be done.”

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